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### ON THE GENIUS OF PROFESSOR WILSON.

BY DELTA.

WITH all its mysticism and exaggeration of sentiment, the Lake School of Poetry has accomplished much for the literature of the present age. Its philosophy is often sufficiently unintelligible, and finds or fancies marvels more than truth indicates or nature contains; and in its portraiture of the external manifestations of human feeling, we have frequent o'ersteppings of that modesty by which the various passions are distinctively characterised. But admitting all this (for we have often felt it), it amply compensates for these drawbacks by its truth to the features of the material world in the hands of Southey; and by its pastoral freshness and high-toned morality in the pages of Wordsworth. Coleridge has less frequently put its principles to the test, but has shown it in the light of a peculiar beauty, not only in many prose sketches, but in the frostwork structures of his vigorous imagination, *Cristabel* and *Genevieve*.

The original masters were followed by many disciples of eminence. Among the more immediate of whom we would particularise *Lamb* and *Lloyd*; and, of later years, *Shelly* and *Wilson*.

Great as are the merits of these poets, particularly *Shelly*, we have no hesitation in placing *Professor Wilson* over them, and immediately beside the trio of illustrious founders. Unlike *Crabbe*, who delights to expatiate on the failings and weaknesses of

our nature—or *Byron*, whose region of delight is in the tempest and darkness of the soul—the muse of *Wilson* deals only with the gentler, tenderer, and softer affections, and with the more refined and delicate feelings. Even in the description of human wretchedness and depravity, *Wilson* mingles some ethereal and redeeming touches; and mid the roar of the troubled waters of the spirit, he retains a serenity and composure, as of the evening star through the wanderings of the heavy clouds.

*Southey* appears to describe nature exactly as she at the instant appears before his living eyes: the landscapes of *Wilson* seem the conjurations of a dream—silent, and soft, and untroubled with their pastoral mountains and stillly waters; or at best as the traces of a keen memory, with their picturesque and fairy outlines. Witness the following magnificent description:

Well might they deem that wizard's wand  
Had set them down in Fairy-land,  
Or that their souls some beauteous dream  
obey'd;

They know not where to look or listen,  
For pools and streams of crystal glisten  
Above, around—embracing like the air  
The soft-reflected trees; while everywhere  
From shady nook, clear hill, and sunny glade,  
The ever-varying soul of music play'd;  
As if, at some capricious thing's command,  
Indulging every momentary mood,  
With voice and instrument, a fairy band  
Beneath some echoing precipice now stood,  
Now on steep mountain's rocky battlement,  
Or from the clouds their blended chorus sent,  
With jocund din to mock the solitude.  
They gaze with never-sated eyes

On lengthening lines of flowery dyes,  
That tremble through the woods, and up the mountains  
run :

Not richer radiance robes the Even,  
When she ascends her throne in Heaven,  
Beside the setting sun.  
Scattering the blossomy gems away,  
Like the white shower of the Ocean spray,  
Across their path forever glide or shoot  
Birds of such beauty, as might lead  
The soul to think that magic power decreed  
Spirits to dwell therein ; nor are they mute,  
But each doth chant his own beloved strain,  
Forever trembling on a natural tune,  
The heart's emotion seeming so to suit,  
That the rapt Lovers are desiring soon  
That silence never may return again.

A cheerful welcome these bright creatures  
sing ;

And as the Lovers roam from glade to glade,  
That shine with sunlight, and with music ring,  
Seems but for them the enchanted island made.  
So strong the influence of the fairy scene,  
That soon they feel as if for many a year  
In love and rapture they had linger'd here,  
While with the beauteous things that once  
have been,

Long, long ago, or only in the mind  
By Fancy imaged, lies their native Wales,  
Its dim seen hills, and all its streamy vales :  
Sounds in their souls its rushing mountain  
wind,

Like music heard in youth, remember'd well,  
But when or where it rose they cannot tell.  
Delightful woods, and many a cloudless sky,  
Are in their memory strangely floating by ;  
But the faint pageant slowly melts away,  
And to the living earth they yield  
Their willing hearts, as if reveal'd  
In all its glory on this mystic day.  
Like fire, strange flowers around them flame,  
Sweet, harmless fire, breathed from some mag-  
ic urn,

The silky gossamer that may not burn,  
Too wildly beautiful to bear a name.  
And when the Ocean sends a breeze,  
To wake the music sleeping in the trees,  
Trees scarce they seem to be ; for many a  
flower,

Radiant as dew, or ruby polish'd bright,  
Glances on every spray, that bending light  
Around the stem, in variegated bows,  
Appear like some awaken'd fountain-shower,  
That with the color of the evening glows.

And towering o'er these beauteous woods,  
Gigantic rocks were ever dimly seen,  
Breaking with solemn grey the tremulous  
green,

And frowning far in castellated pride ;  
While, hastening to the Ocean, hoary floods  
Sent up a thin and radiant mist between,  
Softening the beauty that it could not hide.  
Lo ! higher still the stately Palm-trees rise,  
Chequering the clouds with their unbending  
stems,

And o'er the clouds amid the dark-blue skies,  
Lifting their rich unfading diadems.

Nor are his personages less dreamy  
and poetical. We have not Helen  
Macgregor or Flora Macdonald, but  
Bessy Bell and Mary Gray. The old

ballads themselves are not sufficiently  
remote—he gives us only their shad-  
ows, and “ Lays from Fairy Land.”

Look not so mournful, mother ! 'tis not a tale  
of woe—

The Fairy-Queen stoop'd down and left a kiss  
upon my brow,

And faster than mine own two doves e'er  
stoop'd unto my hand,

Our flight was through the ether—then we  
dropt in Fairy-Land.

Along a river-side that ran wide-winding thro'  
a wood,

We walk'd, the Fairy-Queen and I, in loving  
solitude ;

And there serenely on the trees, in all their  
rich attire,

Sat crested birds whose plumage seem'd to  
burn with harmless fire.

No sound was in our steps—as on the ether  
mute—

For the velvet moss lay greenly deep beneath  
the gliding foot,

Till we came to a waterfall, and mid the rain-  
bows there

The mermaids and the fairies play'd in water  
and in air.

And sure there was sweet singing, for it at  
once did breathe

From all the woods and waters, and from the  
caves beneath ;

But when those happy creatures beheld their  
lovely queen,

The music died away at once, as if it ne'er  
had been,—

And hovering in the rainbow, and floating on  
the wave,

Each little head so beautiful some show of  
homage gave,

And bending down bright lengths of hair that  
glisten'd in its dew,

Seen'd as the sun ten thousand rays against  
the water threw.

Soft the music rose again—but we left it far  
behind,

Though strains o'ertook us, now and then, on  
some small breath of wind ;

Our guide into that brightening bliss was aye  
that brightning stream,

Till lo ! a palace silently unfolded like a dream.

Then thought I of the lovely tales, and music  
lovelier still,

My elder sister used to sing at evening on the  
hill,

When I was but a little child too young to  
watch the sheep,

And on her kind knees laid my head in very  
joy to sleep ;

Tales of the silent people, and their green si-  
lent land !

—But the gates of that bright palace did sud-  
denly expand,

And fill'd with green-robed fairies was seen an  
ample hall,

Where she who held my hand in hers was the  
loveliest of them all.

It is his bathing all his characters  
in this “ purple light of love,” which,

in some measure, unfits Professor Wilson from shining as a poet of consummate dramatic power, and which, with all its varied beauty, makes the City of the Plague read more like a poem than a play; in other words, more as a composition implying sentiment than action. Whatever be their distinctive features, his personages may be divided into two great classes, those dignified by virtue, and those degraded by vice: the former surpassing mere men, and approximating the nature of angels; the other still endowed with many redeeming traits, and, after all, scarcely "less than archangel ruined."

When in the act of composition, the poet's mind seems to be worked up to a kind of reverie, and he sees the material world, with its delightful valleys and magnificent mountains, its murmuring rivers and rolling oceans, its sheeted lakes and umbrageous forests, as in the phantasmagorial pageantry of a dream. Nor less peculiar are his views of the moral physiognomy of man; as in his delineations he is scarcely represented as a creature doomed by original sin, but as even in infancy returning in slumber to an antenatal heaven. Yet, withal, Wilson is by no means so great a mannerist or exclusionist as Wordsworth. His whole mind is not bound up in Betty Foys, or Peter Bells, or Pedlars. He glances over all the many-colored situations of existence, and the scene of his finest poem is laid in the centre of a great city, in the midst of a terrible and overwhelming physical calamity. Nevertheless they have always been, and ever will be, regarded as congenial spirits, with their distinctive marks of original power. Even in the tone of thought there is a resemblance, and their ideas of the philosophical principles of poetical composition seem not widely different. Wilson may not have reached the classic severity of "the Laodamia;" but it would be as difficult for Wordsworth to sustain the angelic softness and grace of "Magdalen," to whom her dying lover says,

The plumes

Of thy affectionate bosom meet my heart,

And all therein is quiet as the snow  
At breathless midnight.

If they have many beauties in common, they have also one fault—that of being too easily satisfied with the ideas which first suggest themselves. This arises from exuberance, and not from poverty of imagination. So many associations connect themselves with the objects presented to the senses, that the objects themselves are in a great measure hidden and deprived of their more prominent outlines; the figure is cumbered by the gorgeous richness of the drapery. In other words, fertility of imagination leads to facility of composition; and fluency is a characteristic of both these distinguished writers.

From this cause it is, that many of the poems of Wilson scarcely carry with them to the reader's mind the idea of compositions; they have all the ease and the unapparent effort of extemporaneous effusions. His ideas seem to flow upon him with a perpetual and enlivening current; but the waters, which, if collected together, would form a deeply rolling and majestic stream, become tame and sluggish by diffusion. His allusions and references, so far as they regard natural scenery and appearances, are gathered from a wider range than those of almost any poet with whom we are acquainted; but here the scope of his illustration is circumscribed, and historical or classical figures are rarely or never introduced. Whatever he may be in theory, his writings are the most splendid and unanswerable examples that we know of, of the superiority of nature over art, and of its being the original source whence all artificial objects derive their poetical associations. Byron and Campbell may rank higher as poets than Bowles; but in the Pope controversy, wherein the subjects of nature and art, with reference to poetry, were so fully canvassed, the author of "The Grave of the Last Saxon" has, in our opinion, by far the best of the argument throughout. The fact of Byron being driven, in accordance with his own theory, and in direct opposition to the

spirit of his own immortal compositions, to declare Pope superior to Shakspeare, must be conclusive with all unprejudiced thinkers.

The indulgence in trains of thought, which may be set down as so far peculiar in their not affecting the general sympathies of mankind, in the degree of importance which the writer attaches to them, has prevented the poetry of Wilson, as it has done that of Wordsworth, from acquiring that extensive popularity to which it is otherwise so eminently entitled. Imagination is the predominant faculty of his mind; and when we add to this the spirit of serene contemplation, we have before us the grand elements of his poetry. His pathos—and it is that species of it which it is the most difficult to attain—borders on simplicity, and the elementary springs of feeling. We find passion stripped of adventitious disguises, and of those meretricious circumstances which tend to throw an obscurity on its real operations; and thus in his pages, even when we are called upon to contemplate scenes of modern and every-day life, we are led back to the fountain-head of sensibility, and to the primitive impulses of human action. In this point of view, indeed, he may be regarded as the purest writer that the Lake School has produced; his enthusiasm is always the enthusiasm of nature; and he never exhibits a trace of the cant, the sickliness of sentiment, and affectation, which sometimes deform the pages of Southey and Wordsworth.

In many parts of his writings, the genius of Wilson shows itself kindred with that of Southey—especially in the *Isle of Palms*, where his discursive fancy expatiates in regions not unallied in imagery to what *Thalaba* and *Kehama* exhibit. Yet over Southey he has this distinctive beauty, that his style is always suited to his subject; he never clothes the trivial in the pomp of majestic words, nor debases the lofty by meanness and puerility of expression. His pathos is always of the heart, simple, deep, and

touching; and we may say of his poetry, in this respect, as he has said of another, that

The songs he pour'd were sad and wild,  
And while they would have soothed a child  
That soon bestows its tears—  
A deeper pathos in them lay,  
That would have moved a hermit gray,  
Bow'd down with holy years.

The great characteristic of the poetry of Wilson is delicacy of sentiment. He refines and etherealizes almost everything he touches; and if in his hands common things lose their usual attributes, they are exchanged for something better. There is a wild harmony and splendor in his delineations of the aspects of nature, and he flies from the sullen and the rugged, to softer and more gentle scenes. He is consequently, above all other poets, the bard of moonlight, amid whose “floodings argent” his muse seems never weary of dipping her plumage, or of marveling at

The fleecy clouds, when their race is run,  
That hang, in their own beauty blest,  
Mid the calm that sanctifies the west  
Around the setting sun.

His fancy is a restless spirit, forever on the wing, and weaving associations of beauty around every object on which it alights. On the death, for instance, of two beautiful young women, he thus expatiates,

Phantoms! ye waken to mine eye  
Sweet trains of earthly imagery!  
Whate'er on Nature's breast is found  
In loveliness without a sound,  
That silent seems to soul and sense,  
Emblem of perfect innocence!  
Two radiant dew-drops that repose  
On mossy bank at evening's close,  
And happy in the gentle weather,  
In beauty disappear together!  
Two flowers upon the lonesome moor,  
When a dim day of storm is o'er,  
Lifting up their yellow hair  
To meet the balm of the slumbering air!  
Two sea-birds from the troubled ocean  
Floating with a snowy motion,  
In the absence of the gale,  
Over a sweet inland vale!  
Two early-risen stars that lie  
Together on the evening sky,  
And imperceptibly pursue  
Their walk along the depths of blue!  
Sweet beings! on my dreams ye rise  
With all your frail humanities!  
Nor earth below, nor heaven above,  
An image yields of peace and love,  
So perfect as your pensive breath,  
That brings unsought a dream of death!

Each sigh more touching than the last,  
Till life's pathetic tune be past !

One of the causes of the unpopularity of much fine poetry, originates in the writer forgetting the comparative value which society attaches to objects. A poet, from his excess of sensibility, is apt to attach a degree of importance to a sentiment or image which the generality of his readers will by no means either perceive the propriety of, or allow to be just. The standard which he has erected in his own mind, and according to which he reckons, is not that which the world at large acknowledges. Cowper writes a poem on being presented with a new cap, or on his method of feeding tame rabbits : Coleridge, on taking a knife from his child's hand, and on an ass eating thistles : Wordsworth, on a fly that had come to his winter stove in Germany, and on Alice Fell's duffle cloak : Lamb, on the inspiring delights of tobacco, and on washing and ironing-days : and Southey, metrical letters to his cousin Margaret. It were well if writers would pay more attention to the taste of the public, which, however it may be sometimes obscured by prejudices, is built invariably on the grand foundation of common sense. A poet of great and genuine power, if he be not adequately appreciated, may depend upon it that he has himself to blame. He has either blundered in his choice of a subject, or his manner of treating it ; either of which defects is quite enough to account for the oblivion which his productions would not otherwise merit. It is all very well for a poet of fine imagination and vivid feeling to regard the world as an Utopia, and mankind as actuated only by the highest and holiest of affections ; but when applied to localities, and the actual history of the human race, we come immediately to see the irrelevancy and futility of the scheme. It is on this account that the poetry of Wilson, which, while strictly true to general nature, so often strikes us from its dissimilarity to existing manners, and the manifestations of the passions as exhibited in speech by the different

grades in society. It may be allowed to tragedy, whose personages must be of exalted rank or feeling, to converse in that high-toned language which is of itself essentially poetical ; but we must not carry this artifice into situations where probability cannot suppose it to exist. It may do for "captains, colonels, and knights in arms," to talk in heroics ; but Shakspeare, "the priest of nature," always compels his clowns to content themselves with prose.

In this little essay it was by no means our intention to criticise the productions of Professor Wilson individually. We may be allowed, however, to say that the faults resulting from over-facility of composition, so manifest in the *Isle of Palms*, are much less discernible in the *City of the Plague*, and his latter works. Dryden records of himself that his ideas flowed upon him so rapidly that his only task was how and what to select ; and if he has ever found a successor in this respect, we suspect it is in the poet before us. Neither have shown an over-scrupulosity ; but Wilson's inherent purity of taste has preserved him from many of the deformities of his great predecessor. It is curious to remark, also, that the vividness of imagination which led the author of "*Alexander's Feast*" to the selection of topics particularly bustling and spirit-stirring—the modernizing of chivalrous romances, and of the fables of classical mythology—has led our poet into very different walks. His delight is in the poetry of still life ; the blind man sitting on the way-side stone—the effigies in a ruined abbey—the waveless lake—the moonlight sky—and the hawk sleeping on the sepulchral cairn. He allows nothing sinful or sullying to mar

The radiance of his gifted soul,  
Where never mists or darkness roll ;  
A poet's soul, that flows forever,  
Right onwards, like a noble river,  
Refulgent still, or by its native woods  
Shaded, and running on through sunless solitudes.

In gazing on the picture of an ass in a storm-shower, a thousand bright and beautiful ideas awaken to his ima-

gination, of patient sufferance and endurance, heroic fortitude in adversity, and serenity amid the evils of life; and in describing the cottage of a pious and resigned old woman, he characteristically says—

The breath that stole  
From the rosetree and jasmine clustering wide,  
O'er all the dwelling's bloomy side,  
Tells that whoe'er doth there abide  
Must have a gentle soul.

Then gently breathe, and softly tread,  
As if thy steps were o'er the dead!  
Break not the slumber of the air,  
Even by the whisper of a prayer,  
But in the spirit let there be  
A silent Benedicite!

The lines "On a Sleeping Child," which have been perhaps more universally admired than anything which our author has written, and which are somewhat strangely omitted in the collected edition of his poetical works, afford another fine illustration of his application of the same principle of serene contemplation to animated objects in a state of quiescence.

In the *City of the Plague* the powers of the poet appear evidently strengthened and improved—the beauties are not only more prominent, but more frequent; and the defects are less glaring and conspicuous. As a story, also, it is much better proportioned and brought out. From having subjected himself to the trammels of regular versification, the discursive faculty has less scope, and a feeling is consequently conveyed to the reader's mind of more elaborated and sustained composition. We have less of that tone of delirium which, in common with the *Lyrical Ballads* of Wordsworth, pervades the *Isle of Palms*; together with a more classically pure diction.

The blank verse of Wilson possesses many delightful peculiarities; and is, in some respects, scarcely surpassed by any that our language affords. It breathes the very soul of harmony; and its excellences are all of the softer kind. It has little of severity or of austerity about it. It has nothing of the ruggedness of Young or the verbosity of Thomson. He seldom winds up his strength for a grand stroke like

Milton or Cowper, in which energy of thought, style, and language, are unitedly made to do their utmost. His is rather the "linked sweetness long drawn out," the tone of persuasive softness, or tranquil resignation. Even when the wilder passions are brought into play, the energy is not such as is breathed by a fiery spirit; but the elements of a gentle mind, roused into unnatural and momentary commotion.

The tender fierceness of the dove,  
Pecking the hand that hovers o'er its mate.

The characters of Wilson's writings, whether in prose or verse, bear the same relation to actual life that a portrait does to its original. They are all drawn in their most favorable aspect—and they always retain that aspect—for they are all pictures of still life. This remark is not less applicable to that beautiful series of stories, "*The Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*," which are attributed to our poet's pen, than to "*Margaret Lyndsay*," and "*The Foresters*." We could almost imagine, that, previous to composing some of his scenes, he had placed himself before a painting, and had wrought himself up to breathe into it a spirit of animation. We feel, however, while he has endowed it with thought and utterance, that he has neglected to bestow the power of locomotion. Yet he does not—as this would lead us to infer—restrict himself exclusively to the delineation of an individual mind, as was the case with Byron. His genius is more dramatic, and takes a wider discursive flight over the varying aspects of society. He delineates the fair side of things with delightful fidelity; but there his accuracy forsakes him, and he describes the stormier passions, without being able to identify his own with their nature. He paints religion and virtue in their own celestial loveliness; but he blends a tint of redeeming softness with the rugged features of sin, and clothes misery in picturesque rags.

Wilson cannot go out of himself, and speak the thoughts of other men; so, though his characters are called on

to play a variety of parts, they have all a family likeness; or, as Wordsworth quaintly expresses it, there is "a similitude in their dissimilitudes." Wilson does not give us the representation of actual life; but the world as we remember to have seen it in our youthful reveries,—a phantasmagorical vision.

On a future occasion we intend returning to Professor Wilson, as one of

the most brilliant and extraordinary prose-writers of our age. Some of these compositions are quite unique in our language, and are well worthy our critical attention. They combine the wild extravagances of Rabelais, with a stronger adherence to truth, and an ebullience of imagination, which leaves the Frenchman "toiling after him in vain."

#### THE DEVIL'S MILL.

ABOUT six miles to the westward of Dublin stands the village of Lucan, "noted," as the Post Chaise Companion has it, "for its medicinal spring, the waters of which are of great efficacy in many disorders;" that is to say, it is a pretty rural retirement, where people of fashion, in former times, when there were people of fashion in Dublin, used to recover from the effects of the dissipation of the season, by keeping regular hours, and taking regular exercise through romantic woodland scenes, and in a mild salubrious climate, though they invariably attributed their cure to a pint of cold clear water (as agreeable in taste and smell as the washings of a gun) by them taken twice a day.

The low road to Lucan is a beautiful drive, passing through the Phoenix Park, with its place of arms, the fifteen acres, where more duels have been fought than upon any given spot on the face of the globe, and the Strawberry Banks, whence Dublin is supplied with that fruit, and where, in the pleasant days of summer, the citizens ruralize, after the fashion of their brethren of Cockaigne, amongst the Arcadian groves of Hampstead and Richmond Hill. Winding onward through rich meadows and sunny slopes, and gradually losing sight of all that can remind you of the city, the road reaches the Liffey, there a dark, rapid, and sullen-looking stream, overshadowed by tall trees, and embosomed among gloomy superstitious groves, and silent upland pastures, that shut out all distant views, and preserve unbroken

the character of the place. A little farther on, where the shadows fall deepest over river and road, the troubled voice of the stream, at once mournful and complaining, gives token that its course is ruffled by some impediment, and there, half overcome by the indefatigable waters, lie certain antique walls, and a ruined wear, denominated by the peasantry "The Devil's Mill." A gloomy spot it is, that lonesome road, with its nodding spectral trees, when an autumn evening is falling around you, and closing in the view with its thin gray pall; when the chafed torrent is raving and groaning through the dim-seen ruins, as if anxious to shake off their load, and sweep them headlong from its path; and when the wild legend, to which they owe their name, arises in your mind. Many and many a time have I heard it, with the woods of L——town right before me, and the work of the fiendish architect beneath my feet, as I sat on the twisted root of one of the venerable trees; while with that air of undoubting implicit belief which lends a peculiar interest to all Irish legends, whether humorous or tragic (for your narrator delivers them to you, no matter how extravagant, as if he believed every jot and tittle of them from the bottom of his soul), some patriarch of the neighboring village pointed out the various localities of the story. Here it is for you.

In the old-world times of the Charleses and Jameses, ay, up to the middle of the last century, the Irish



nobility were a fierce and lawless race, little resembling their brethren of England, in manners or habits, and preserving much of the feudal sway of the days of the Henrys and Edwards, together with no small portion of the rude pomp and stern aristocratic bearing, consequent upon that system. Between them and their vassals "there was a great gulf fixed," and I could tell you tales for a twelvemonth of their desperate feats in drinking, hunting, courtship, and dueling, gathered from the descendants of those very vassals, and handed down in fear and wonder from father to son: somewhat distorted, perhaps, by reason of the wide separation I have alluded to between the castles, but yet possessing strong traits of character, national and individual, and, like all other traditional tales, shadowing out real events of by-gone times, even in their wildest flights. The memory of many a noble, of the times I speak of, is tainted with the charge of league and compact with the powers of darkness; and I do not wonder at it: the miserable country was convulsed by civil wars of the most unsparing nature, and torn to the very vitals by every conceivable alternation of unflinching pitiless cruelty, as either party was hurried along by the tide of fortune, evil or good—by the headlong fury of victory or defeat; and it is in no way strange that the scared peasantry, as they beheld with awe and wonder the excesses of their superiors, should attribute them to a deeper influence than the mere ordinary passions of human nature, and that they should see in the wild unnatural merriment of their midnight festivities, as well as in the sweeping fury of their partisan warfare, the workings of the inspiration of the spirit of evil, rather than the mere abuse of sensual pleasures and lawless power.

Among the latest who fell under the heavy imputation I have described, was a former possessor of the beautiful, though sombre-looking, seat, whose ancient trees overshadow

the road at the spot where the scene of my legend is laid. The mansion and demesne then bore the name of L——town, from the family to which it belonged. Its present proprietor, however, has called it Woodlands, and, while in his hands, I will warrant it from witnessing any feats which may require either the head or the heart of the daring few, who at any time have been suspected of encountering the dwellers in the dark abodes; though, to tell the truth, his father might have been in possession of the philosopher's stone, for aught I can say to the contrary, inasmuch as he commenced his career as a flying stationer, that is to say, an itinerant vender of pamphlets, and died a member of parliament worth half a million sterling.

It is said that one of the L—— family (the former possessors of the estate) showed William the Third the passage across the Boyne; at all events, without pretending to investigate that point of history, I can only say that there are few names to which the Irish peasant attaches such deep damnation, and which he pronounces with such a fervor of hatred and horror, as that of L——.

At the time I speak of, the L—— of the day seemed fairly determined to earn in his own person all the anathemas which the people had ever poured out upon his race: he drank like a Frey Graf of the fourteenth century—he rode like the wild huntsman—he was the first and the last in the revel and the field, and though frequently engaged in the sanguinary duels of the period, as well as in all other hazardous exploits, that seemed to promise a short and speedy termination to his fierce career, yet he ever escaped unhurt, as if he bore a charmed life. But of all the passions which swayed his mind by turns, that of play seemed the master, and the ruler: for this he would sacrifice all else besides, and night and day, when the fit was upon him, lights danced, and rafters rang, and the very owls and ravens whooped and croaked as



the voices of his fierce companions and of himself broke through the stillness of the antique mansion, and the solemn woods, with song, and shout, and blasphemous incantation, as the shifting luck at dice or cards stirred their spirits, and chafed their blood.

On a November night, when the groaning trees bowed beneath the storm, and the Liffey, swelled by the mountain rains, swept through the vale in a dark brown flood, that threatened to carry every obstacle before it, from Lucan to Dublin Bay, the usual party was assembled at play in L——town. It seemed as if the night had lent a portion of its darkness and fury to their spirits and demeanor; they drank, and played, and shouted, as if bent upon rivaling the storm without; and ever as the lightning flashed, and the thunder roared, they mocked the elemental strife in their impious songs and ribald jests. As though, in very deed, the powers of nature were moved at their audacity, it seemed as if the storm increased in intensity, and concentrated around the house, until at last even the boldest of them thought they could distinguish hoarse yelling voices mingling with the midnight blast, and ghastly faces leering through the windows, and furious eyes glaring out of the darkness, as the livid lightning flashed through the gloom, like the banner of the accursed host. Crash after crash of thunder pealed through the very room with every flash, until at last, a globe of fire, the brightest, the most terrible that ever eye beheld, leaped right among them, dazzling them for an instant with its intolerable light, and leaving them, the next, in the darkness and the silence of the grave.

The host was the first to start up and thunder to the servants for lights, and when the affrighted menials came it was an altered scene which presented itself; the tables had been upset, and the lights extinguished by the explosion of the thunderbolt, though none of the guests were hurt. But on collecting their scattered

senses, and looking around, they all perceived, with a shudder, that a stranger was added to their company. Now, though at the first glance, he was to all appearance no more than a middle-aged man, dressed in black, yet, as they looked at him, they could see that the outline of his figure wavered and flickered, as if traced upon a mist; and in his eye there was something so fiendish and withering that the boldest heart grew pale before his glance; nay, the very storm itself seemed to dwell around, or emanate from him, for ever as he moved in his chair, though every motion seemed studied, and subdued, as he turned and bowed in token of recognition to one after another of the silent group, floor, walls, and ceiling trembled and shook as if the mansion was about to come down, and bury them in its ruins.

L—— was a bold-hearted man, and though daunted by what he saw, and well he might be, he was the first of the party to recover himself sufficiently to speak; he demanded the name and purpose of the intruder. There was a pause before the stranger replied; then mastering an obvious inclination to laugh, which gave a yet wilder and more unnatural air to his countenance, he coolly replied, "That he was right well known to every individual in the honorable company, and that he was the guest of their host, by regular invitation, given so very lately, and acceded to by them so unanimously, that he could not help wondering at the strange reception they gave him"—and with this, after another withering glance around the circle, he looked downward at his own feet; all eyes followed his, and all recognized with horror the fatal hoof—in Ireland, as in Germany, the infallible mark of the devil: for disguise the rest of his person as he may, it seems he never parts with or conceals that. The company, with one accord, fled from the room.

In the neighborhood of L——town lived a clergyman, renowned for his piety; and little as the inmates of that

mansion thought of him in their blasphemous revelry, and much as they were accustomed to scorn his ghostly counsels on ordinary occasions, yet now, in the hour of supernatural peril, he was called for by all, as the only champion who had a chance of success against their dangerous enemy. He came at once, and, without the slightest hesitation, committed himself alone with the evil one. Of the particulars of their interview little is known; as the legend draws near its close it waxes dim and faint, like an incoherent dream. The demon, avowing his errand, boldly declared that he came for him who had summoned him, and that he would not depart without him, unless compelled by a superior power. Strong as were the exorcisms of the virtuous priest, yet the fiend, armed with the guilt of his summoner, as with a delegated commission of vengeance, stood upon his right. At length a species of compromise was effected: the demon consented to forego his claim for the present, out of compliment to the merit and skill of his antagonist, rather than upon compulsion, and through fear of his exorcisms, but only on condition that a task should be assigned to him which he could not perform. Now every child (in Ireland at least) knows, that if you try skill with the devil, endeavor to puzzle him, and fail in the attempt, you pay for the failure and become his victim, by virtue of a kind of satanic forfeiture of recognizance. The aged priest pondered for an instant, and listened to the raging torrent as it swept along in its strength, and he knew by the sounding roar that the stream, which in summer glides pleasantly through greenwood and pasture, just deep enough to shelter the nimble trout in its transparent eddies, was now careering from mountain and swamp, armed with the fury of a hundred midnight torrents, and sweeping cabin and peasant, cattle and stock, from its downward path, like any other pitiless conqueror. The old man's eye lighted up with the hope of baffling

the subtle fiend, and he chuckled at the thought of giving him enough of cold water for once in his life, as he bade him filter the swollen river with dam and wear, and build a substantial mill in the midst of the torrent.

Lamp grew dim, and tempest was hushed, and lightning crept back into the bosom of the cloud, and the old priest hid his face between his hands, as with fantastic and unholy gestures, and forbidden words of power, the evil spirit summoned his brethren around him; and the roof rang once more with peals of fiendish laughter, as they listened to the simple task of the priest, and vanished to perform it. Like the tall piles that arise at the bidding of sleep in a troubled dream, or the fantastic architecture one constructs in the western clouds of the evening sky, the affrighted exorciser could see by a lurid light, as of a mighty furnace, the mill arising through the cleft waters, as with jest, and song, and damned merriment, the busy demons plied their task; then came a glare of brightest light, the throng broke, and fell back, the work was finished, and wheel and hopper clanked and banged through the hushed night. The priest's heart died within him at every stroke—"Heaven be good to me!" said he; "what will become of me?" for he thought on the well-known consequences of failing in an attempt to puzzle the devil.—"What next?" said the stranger, impatiently—"what next?" and his brow darkened, and his eyes glared wolfishly at the poor priest.—"*Sancte Johanne ora pro me—Beati Apostoli, orate pro me.*"—"Give me work," shouted the evil one, his form dilating as his human disguise gave way before his fiendish rage, "Give me work, I want no prayers,—you promised me work—keep your word or look to yourself." Just at that instant a saving thought flashed across the mind of the terrified old man: he remembered the well known *crux*, which at various times has posed the most intelligent and dextrous devils in Pandemonium; and

with a long-drawn gasp, like that of one who had been snatched from the devouring sea, "You want work," said he, "do you? be off with yourself, then, to the Bull of Clontarf\*—the blessed saints be praised that put it into my head—and make me a three-plied cable of the sand of the sea. And hark ye," said he, his spirits rising at the blank disappointed look of his enemy, "you needn't be in such a hurry with *this* job, the day's long, and the wages are small." The baffled demon vanished with a howl.

And now farewell to Lucan, with its long-drawn vistas of solemn woods, its mazy river, and atrabilious-looking water drinkers; cross as they seemed, many a pleasant day I have passed among them in merry childhood, wondering all the while how *they* could look so sad and yellow, while the swift river sparkled, and the sweet birds sang, and the trees blossomed around them; but I have eaten of the fruit of knowledge of good and evil since those times, and I wonder no more.

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#### PICTURE OF A SCOTTISH VILLAGE.

THE village of Burnside consisted of about a score of houses, irregularly scattered over an extent of something more than half a mile in length; to each of which were attached from eight to ten acres of land, all rented from the laird. The tenants were in general tradesmen of various occupations, which they exercised in the intervals of their rural labors, raising their families healthful and happy. As its name implied, the houses were situated on the bank of a rivulet, which, in a dry summer, almost forgot to murmur; although at the Lammas speat, or in sudden thaws in winter, it was sometimes impassable by man or horse. In front of these rural abodes were their little kail-yards, some of which were fenced round with a green *feal-dike*, where a hedge of evergreen broom smiled in summer, bending under its load of golden blossoms; others were surrounded by a stone wall, and all were planted round with ash and sycamore trees, waving their broad heads high in air, which, while they gave an air of venerable antiquity to the village, proved a shade from the sultry suns of summer, and broke the fury of the, strong south-east winds from the ocean, which howled up the glen in winter. Between the gardens and the burn, a stripe of ground ex-

tended, in some places smooth as a bowling-green; in others, the precipitous banks reached close to the margin of the stream, and were thickly covered with primroses, cowslips, orchis, and other spring flowers; while the purple foxglove, and blushing wild-rose, glowed in its summer suns. By prescriptive right, obtained from a former laird, these daisied greens and flowery braes were common to all the tenants, occupied as bleaching-greens, and pastured by the cows of the village.

None of the tenants had leases; but there had not been an instance of any one being turned out, and some possessions had continued in the same family for several generations. Hence they continued, with confidence, not only to improve their land, at considerable expense, but even to repair and build new and substantial houses. Such had been this Scottish Auburn, from time immemorial the abode of health and rural happiness, when their good laird died, deeply lamented, old and full of days. He had never been married; the estate was entailed; and the heir-at-law was just come of age, the son of a gentleman in a distant county. He came to reside at the mansion house, with a number of new servants in his train, many of the old being dismissed, in all stations, from

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\* A sand bank in Dublin Bay.

the factor to the stable-boy. The inhabitants of Burnside were in considerable alarm, firmly expecting to have their rents nearly doubled; but to that they were willing to submit,—their greater fear being lest they should be turned out of their possessions. However, the new laird had been nearly two years upon the estate, they had heard of no change, their fears subsided, and their wonted confidence gradually returned.

It was then the usual custom to plough with four horses; and, as each tenant kept only one horse, four of them united together; he in whose land they were working guiding the plough, and some of the others furnishing a driver. When the seed-time was finished, the four who ploughed together were in the practice of celebrating their labors, by meeting annually, in one of their houses by rotation, to a cheerful supper, and passing the evening in rustic festivity. The season had been wet and late; Spring had borrowed from Summer for the conclusion of her operations, and it was the latter end of May before the barley-seed was finished. A party of the ploughmen of Burnside had agreed to have their annual supper on the 4th of June, in honor of their Sovereign's birthday. They were to meet that year in the house of William Miller, by trade a wright, and whose family consisted of himself, his wife, a son and daughter grown up, besides several younglings; the worthy couple had also under their protection the husband's father and the wife's mother; the last weakly and infirm, the first in a state of dotage and second childhood.

Warm, genial weather had succeeded the rains, and Nature seemed in haste to atone for her previous un-

kindness, by accelerating vegetation with the rapidity of a Lapland summer. Most of the trees were in full leaf; the fields smiled with the fresh and verdant braird, while the banks and meadows exhibited a luxuriance of wild-flowers delightful to the eye. The day (and I have selected it as a favorable one on which to draw this picture of happy rural life) had been calm and warm, the sun had pursued his course through an almost cloudless sky, and was now about to sink amidst light fleecy clouds, beyond the western mountains, in serenity, so still that the tremulous leaves of the poplar hung motionless on the slender stalks—the beeches in the neighboring copse glowed in softer and brighter green, in his yellow light, while his setting beams were reflected from the windows of the distant manse, as if the mansion had been on fire. In the glen, the children of the village were sporting; some were culling wild-flowers on the brae, others paddling in the shallow part of the stream, and a little girl sat on the velvet green, busily employed in framing a necklace of white *gowans*, while the rural maiden was skipping barefooted, humming “The wauking o’ the Fauld,” as she gathered up the snow-white washing. Swallows were gliding in silence across the pool; the black-bird’s mellow pipe was heard in the copse; and rooks were cawing loudly, with incessant clamor, in the distant wood. On the plain, cows were approaching home, straddling over their distended udders, lowing on their way, the guileless calf trotting behind; while the rear was closed by a boy, whistling, and with his stick striking down the wild-flowers which shot up by the way-side. \* \* \*

#### TO THE IVY.

LOVE tenant of the wasted spot,  
Where soften'd Desolation smiles,  
And weeds are spread o'er graves forgot,  
And Ruin sighs from grass-grown aisles;  
Still present round each wither'd trunk,  
Like youth which cheers the path of age;  
Or where the river wall has sunk,  
Beneath Destruction's leaguering rage.

Child of decay!—no blushing flower,  
Or cup of treasured sweets, is thine,  
To breathe in Beauty's fragrant bower,  
Or charm where statelier rivals shine.  
The column of the desert place,  
The warrior's cross, the nameless stone,  
Receive thy clasping boughs' embrace,  
And show thy clustering wreaths alone.

Yet, type of Truth when Fortune wanes ;  
 And Grief, that haunts the mouldering  
 tomb ;  
 And Love, that, "strong as Death," sustains  
 The whirlwind's shock and tempest's  
 gloom ;  
 To me thy mournful leaf excels  
 The fairest buds, whose petals fling  
 Their odors where the Summer dwells,  
 Or gem the verdant robe of Spring.

The violet and the queenlike rose,  
 Frail minions of a passing day,  
 Brief as the Faith which Falsehood  
 shows,  
 But bloom while lasts their worship'd  
 ray ;  
 Yet thou, beneath the howling blast,  
 When all is drear, art smiling on,  
 Unchanged, unshrinking, to the last,  
 And green when even Hope is gone.

## SONG.

SWEET is the balmy evening hour ;  
 And mild the glow-worm's light ;  
 And soft the breeze that sweeps the flower,  
 With pearly dew-drops bright.  
 I love to loiter by the rill,  
 And catch each trembling ray ;—  
 Fair as they are, they mind me still  
 Of fairer things than they.

What is the breath of closing flowers  
 But feeling's gentlest sigh ?  
 What are the dew-drop's crystal showers  
 But tears from pity's eye ?  
 What are the glow-worms by the rill  
 But fancy's flashes gay ?  
 I love them, for they mind me still  
 Of one more fair than they.

## A CHAPTER ON OLD COATS.

I LOVE an old coat. By an old coat, I mean not one of last summer's growth, on which the gloss yet lingers, shadowy, and intermittent, like a faint ray of sunlight on the counting-house desk of a clothier's warehouse in Eastcheap ; but a real unquestionable antique, which for some five or six years has withstood the combined assaults of sun, dust, and rain, has lost all pretensions to starch, unsocial formality, and gives the shoulders assurance of ease, and the waist of a holiday. Such a coat is my delight. It presents itself to my mind's eye, mixed up with a thousand varying recollections, and not only shadows forth the figures, but recalls the very faces, even to the particular expression of eye, brow, or lip, of friends over whom the waters of oblivion have long since rolled. This, you will say, is strange. Granted ; but mark how I deduce my analogy !

In that repository of wit, learning, and sarcasm, the "Tale of a Tub," Swift pertinently remarks, that, in forming an estimate of an individual's trade or profession, one should look to his dress. The man himself is nothing ; his apparel is the distin-

guishing characteristic ; the outward and visible sign of his inward and spiritual grace. What, adds the satirist, is a lawyer, but a black wig and gown, hung upon an animated peg, like a barber's caxon on a block ? What, a judge, but an apt conjunction of scarlet and white ermine, thrown over a similar peg, a little stouter, perhaps, and stuck upright on a Bench ? What, a dandy, but a pair of tight persuasives to corns and gentility, exuberant pantaloons, and unimpeachable coat and hat, trimly appended to a moving stick, from a yard and a half to two yards high, grown in Bond Street, and cut down in the fulness of time in the King's Bench ? What, a lord mayor, but a gold chain stuck round the neck of a plump occupier of space ? What, a physician, but a black gilt headed cane, thrust, with professional gravity, under the snout of an embodied "Memento Mori ?" What, an alderman, but a furred gown and white napkin stuck beneath the triple chin of a polypetalous personification of dyspepsia ?—Caxon the barber held opinions similar to these. "Pray, Sir," said he to the Antiquary, "do not venture near the sands to-night ;

for when *you* are dead and gone there will only be three *wigs* left in the village." \*

If then we look to the dress—of which the coat, of course, forms the chief feature—as the criterion of a man, it is logically manifest that the appearance of certain coats will renew the recollection of certain individuals; or suppose we substitute the word “coat” for “man,” and it will be equally manifest that a certain coat is *bonâ fide* a certain man. Now, whenever I see an old coat, brown, rusty, and long-waisted, with the dim metal buttons at the back, sewed on so far apart that if a short-sighted man were to stand upon the one, he could scarcely—according to the ordinary laws of probability—see over to the other; I imagine, on Swift’s principle, that I see my fat city friend, Tims, who died of a lord mayor’s feast, ten years since come Martinmas. In like manner, whenever I behold a gaunt, attenuated blue surtout, so perfectly old-fashioned in shape, that I should hardly be justified in making an affidavit before Sir Richard Birnie, that, to the best of my belief, it was younger than the Temple of the Sun, at Palmyra; I think that I behold mine ancient college chum, Dickson—the cream of bachelors—the pink of politeness—the most agreeable of tipplers; who expired last year of vexation, the necessary consequence of his having been married a full fortnight to a Blue-Stocking. Peace to his ashes!

Old coats are the indices by which a man’s peculiar turn of mind may be pointed out. So tenaciously do I hold this opinion, that, in passing down a crowded thoroughfare, the Strand, for instance, I would wager odds, that in seven out of ten cases, I would tell a stranger’s character and calling by the mere cut of his everyday coat. Who can mistake the staid, formal gravity of the orthodox divine, in the corresponding weight, fulness, and healthy condition of his

familiar, easy-natured flaps? Who sees not the necessities—the habitual eccentricities of the poet, significantly developed in his two haggard, shapeless old apologies for skirts, original in their genius as Christabel, uncouth in their build as the New Palace at Pinlico? Who can misapprehend the motions of the spirit, as it slily flutters beneath the Quaker’s drab? Thus, too, the sable hue of the lawyer’s working coat corresponds most convincingly with the color of his conscience: while his thrift, dandyism, and close attention to appearances, tell their own tale in the half-pay officer’s smart, but somewhat faded exterior.

No lover of independence ventures voluntarily on a new coat. This is an axiom not to be overturned, unlike the safety stage-coaches. The man who piques himself on the newness of such an habiliment, is—till time hath “mouldered it into beauty”—its slave. Wherever he goes, he is harassed by an apprehension of damaging it. Hence he loses his sense of independence, and becomes—a Serf! How degrading! To succumb to one’s superiors is bad enough; but to be the martyr of a few yards of cloth; to be the Helot of a tight fit; to be shackled by the ninth fraction of a man; to be made submissive to the sun, the dust, the rain, and the snow; to be panic-stricken by the chimney-sweep; to be scared by the dustman; to shudder at the advent of the baker; to give precedence to the scavenger; to concede the wall to a peripatetic conveyancer of eggs; to palpitate at the irregular sallies of a mercurial cart-horse; to look up with awe at the apparition of a giggling servant girl, with a slop-pail thrust half way out of the garret window; to coast a gutter with a horrible anticipation of consequences; to faint at the visitation of a shower of soot down the chimney;—to be compelled to be at the mercy of each and all of these vile contingencies; can anything in

\* *Vide* Sir W. Scott’s novel of the Antiquary, Vol. I.

human nature be so preposterous, so effeminate, so disgraceful? A truly great mind spurns the bare idea of such slavery; hence, according to the "Subaltern," Wellington liberated Spain in a red coat, extravagantly over-estimated at sixpence, and Napoleon entered Moscow in a green one out at the elbows.

An old coat is the aptest possible symbol of sociality. An old shoe is not to be despised; an old hat, provided it have a crown, is not amiss; none but a cynic would speak irreverently of an old slipper; but were I called upon to put forward the most unique impersonation of comfort, I should give a plumper in favor of an old coat. The very mention of this luxury conjures up a thousand images of enjoyment. It speaks of warm firesides—long flowing curtains—a downy arm-chair—a nicely-trimmed lamp—a black cat fast asleep on the hearth-rug—a bottle of old Port (vintage 1812)—a snuff-box—a cigar—a Scotch novel—and, above all, a social, independent, unembarrassed attitude. With a new coat this last blessing is unattainable. Imprisoned in this detestable tunic—oh, how unlike the flowing toga of the ancients!—we are perpetually haunted with a consciousness of the necessities of our condition. A sudden pinch in the waist dispels a philosophic reverie; another in the elbow withdraws us from the contemplation of the poet to the recollection of the tailor; Snip's goose vanquishes Anacreon's dove; while, as regards our position, to lean forward, is inconvenient; to lean backward, is extravagant; to lean sideways, impossible. The great secret of happiness is the ability to merge self in the contemplation of nobler objects. This a new coat, as I have just now hinted, forbids. It keeps incessantly intruding itself on our attention. While it flatters our sense of the becoming, it compromises our freedom of thought. While it insinuates that we are the idol of a ball-room, it neutralizes the compliment by a high-pressure power on the short

ribs. It bids us be easy, at the expense of respiration; comfortable, with elbows on the rack.

There is yet another light in which old coats may be viewed: I mean as chroniclers of the past, as vouchers to particular events. Agesilaus, king of Sparta, always dated from his last new dress. Following in the wake of so illustrious a precedent, I date from my last (save one) new coat, which was first ushered into being during the memorable period of the Queen's trial. Do I remember that epoch from the agitation it called forth? From the loyalty, the radicalism, the wisdom and the folly it quickened into life?—Assuredly not. I gained nothing by the wisdom. I lost as much by the folly. I was neither the better nor the worse for the agitation. Why then do I still remember that period? Simply and selfishly from the circumstance of its having occasioned the dismemberment—most calamitous to a poor annuitant!—of the very coat in which I have the honor of addressing this essay to the public. In an olfactory crowd, whom her Majesty's "wrongs" had congregated at Hammersmith, my now invalid habiliment was transformed after the fashion of an Ovidian metamorphosis, where the change is usually from the better to the worse, from a coat into a spencer. In a word, some adroit conveyancer eloped with the hinder flaps, and by so doing secured a snuff-box which played two waltz tunes.

The same coat, on which subsequently, by a sort of Taliacotian process, a pair of artificial skirts were grafted, accompanied me through Wales, among mountains where the eagle dwells alone in his supremacy. It was the sole adjunct who was with me when I rambled along the banks of the Sawthy, when the lark was abroad and singing in the sky, or the shy nightingale flung her song to the winds from among the hushed dells of Keven-gornuth. It was at my back when I climbed the loftiest peak of Cader-Idris, and when with feelings



not to be described, I looked down upon sapphire clouds floating in quaint huge masses at an immense distance below me, and saw through their filmy chinks the glittering of thirty lakes, the faint undulating line of a thousand billowy ridges, or the blue expanse of the drowsy ocean, dotted here and there with a passing sail, and bordered far away on the horizon by the dim boundaries of the Irish coast. Moreover, it was at my back when I plunged chin-deep into the isle of Ely bogs, in which picturesque condition I was shot at (and of course missed) by a Cockney sportsman, who had mistaken me for a rare and handsome species of the wild duck.

But by far the most singular adventure in which this old-fashioned ap-panage ever bore a part, was one which took place at night-fall at a lonely dwelling in the neighborhood of the Black Mountains. I had been sporting over those delectable wastes for the greater part of a day, and having as usual shot nothing but an old furze bush, was making the best of my way home towards the village inn where I had taken up my quarters, when the shades of night somewhat suddenly and inconveniently dropped around me. I say inconveniently, for I knew little or nothing of the neighborhood, and, as is always the case on such occasions, took the wrong by-path, which led me down into a romantic hollow, in the centre of which stood a lone, gloomy-looking hut. I think I never saw so forlorn an object. Its every lineament spoke of solitude and murder.

While hesitating whether or not to pass this cut-throat tenement, a light glanced suddenly forth from one of the fissures that time and neglect had made in its walls. This decided me; I felt that I now stood a fair chance of gleaming some information respecting my road; so brandishing my gun like a quarter-staff—for I had consumed all my powder—I strode resolutely forward, though not without certain awkward misgivings, which a satirist might have tortured into ap-

prehensions, in the direction whence the light proceeded, and was fortunate enough to secure a position, which, without being seen or heard, enabled me to see and hear all that took place within the hut.

And a most picturesque discovery I made! Salvator Rosa would have given his ears to have been beside me. At the further end of the ruin, holding a lamp in his hand, whose wild fitful glare fell with strange effect upon his dark swarthy lineaments, stood a brawny ruffian, with a face eloquent of burglary. Near him was stationed another worthy, younger, though equally ferocious in aspect; with black grizzled hair; side-long look, like a fox on a poaching tour; snub nose, and mouth from ear to ear. Both were speaking in under tones; and as the younger, in reply to some question put by his companion, stole a fearful glance about him, I observed a spot of blood on his forehead, and that his hands were stained with the same crimson hue. Horror-struck by such a sight, I was just preparing to retreat, when the following sentence, spoken at intervals in a whisper that sent a thrill through every vein, riveted me to the spot.

"Whereabouts did you catch her, Owen?"

"Just in the lane by the pool side; she was walking alone, so, as I owed the old woman a grudge, I"—and here the wretch chuckled like a fiend—"made no more ado, but grasped her by the neck, and cut her throat!"

"We must go and fetch her away, then, tonight; and, above all, cover up the blood with earth, or else!"—

What followed I was unable to make out; enough, however, had been said, to convince me that I was standing within a yard of two deliberate murderers. What a situation! Alone, at night, in the wildest part of the Black Mountains, with two such villains: I felt that one movement, were it ever so slight—one sound, were it ever so fine, might reach their practised ears, and prove my instant destruction. But I had little time for

reflection, for the ruffians making a sudden move towards the door, I moved also, nor ever once halted till cut short in my career by a projecting blackthorn, which had attached itself, after a very unconnubial fashion, to my person. With the usual difficulty, I procured a divorce from this annoyance ; and after rambling about some hours, up one lane, down another, coasting this moor, and crossing that, I at length got into the right track, and arrived at my quarters with the sole inconvenience of having my coat a second time dismembered, like Absyrtus, by his kind aunt Medea.

But this was a trifle compared with the more momentous secret that engrossed my thoughts. For two days and nights I did nothing but ponder in my mind the way in which I could best disburthen myself of it. At first I thought of telling everything to my landlord ; but when I reflected on the character of my communication, there appeared a something so strange—so romantic—so altogether *outré* about it, that—will the reader credit my weakness ?—I actually had not the courage to incur the hazard either of being laughed at, or scouted as a fabricator.

But the mind, like the body, when overcharged, must find a market for its surplus commodities. In other words, it must have a vent for its uneasiness. I soon felt this to be the case ; and after bearing my secret about with me a full fortnight, it became at length so wholly insupporta-

ble, that I resolved, come what might, to rid myself of the burden ; and accordingly, by my landlord's advice, to whom I imparted every particular, set out for Carmarthen, which was the nearest civilized town, in order to put the whole affair into the hands of the proper legal authorities.

It so happened that the day of my arrival there was the second of the assizes, and as the magistrate before whom I was advised to lay my case was in court, I made the best of my way thither, and arrived just in time to hear the trial of two murderous-looking felons, in whose intelligent faces I at the very first glance recognised my old acquaintances of the hut. The wretches then were at length detected ! Thank God ! I involuntarily exclaimed, and waited with throbbing heart the particulars of the solemn charge. In a few minutes the trial commenced. The counsel for the prosecution drew forth their briefs ; those for the defence looked ominous and full of apprehension ; the Judge shook his wig ; the Jury frowned in horror ; the Court was hushed in awful expectation, and—Owen Rees and Davy Thomas were formally called on to plead Guilty or Not Guilty to the charge of having, on the night of the 20th of June—the very night on which I had overheard their conversation—“ *—stolen a Goose, the property of Sarah Stubbs, ALIAS Long Sal, spinster* ” !!

Shade of Martinus Scriblerus ! was ever sample of the bathos equal to this ?

#### THE BROTHERS ; OR, THE LAST EMBRACE.

Lend me your ears and patience, my good sirs  
And gentle dames. I will a tale rehearse  
Of such astounding import (though each line,  
Fresh stamp'd from truth's own mintage,  
Commend itself to every sober thinker)  
As ye, of these vile days of barefaced fiction,  
Shall gape upon with strong amaze, and cry, " Alas !  
That tale so passing strange, and full of woe,  
Should, notwithstanding, be less strange than true."—SHAKSPEARE.

It was at that season of the year when the sober tints of Autumn had begun to embrown various patches on the  
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map of nature, that, on returning from a few weeks' tour, I almost unconsciously strolled in my rambles into

the grave-yard of one of those charmingly picturesque villages, in the eastern part of Sussex, for which that lovely county is famous. A rustic bench, placed betwixt two trees, offered a moment's welcome rest, and I availed myself of it. With a mournful glance, accompanied by an involuntary sigh, I surveyed the house appointed for all living, and gazed with awefelt interest upon the numerous sepulchral hillocks that lay before me. Some were surrounded by iron palisadoes, as if to prevent the unfeeling trampers on the dead from discomposing the spot where the beloved relics of father, mother, husband, wife, or child, quietly reposed; others were merely graced with a stone at the head and foot, rudely inscribed, to inform the passing passenger whose once living form now mouldered in the vault below—or to convey, in some homely, wholesome episode, a "*memento mori*;" while others, more humble still, were neatly covered with close-cut grass, and bound about with osier or bramble withes.

I had taken my place only a few minutes, when I perceived, slowly pacing the graveled pathway, and evidently making towards the seat on which I sat, a venerable old man. Down his shoulders fell a profusion of snow-white hair, which seemed to proclaim "*his lengthened years*." A cane, the mounted head of which threw back a dazzling sheen, as the sun's rays occasionally glanced upon it, supported his trembling frame. His garb, although after the costume of the olden times, was respectable, and his general appearance indicated that he was one of the "*respectables*" of the village. I always respect old age, and when old age respects itself, I love, I almost reverence it. I rose from my seat, and, hastening towards the stranger, gave and received a courteous salutation. We soon filled the sitting, side by side, between the two aged elms, and a little conversation made us as intimate as old friends. A slight glance at my companion was sufficient to convince me that the lines

formed in his placid countenance were rather the effects of sorrow than of age. They were deep and expressive; not like the signs of the gradual and easy wearing-out of nature, but such as the rough-barbed tool of heartfelt sorrow would be likely to produce. Still there was a placidity, a resignation of a nameless order, playing about his features, like a halo of glory bedecking the scarred brows of a veteran victor, which could scarce fail to inspire the beholder with sympathy and reverence.

In the course of our conversation, a grave full in front of us, done up with more than ordinary care, became the object of my attention and remarks. But I perceived at once that the thought of its inmates opened afresh the fountain of that silent sorrow which I had already noticed in the countenance of my aged friend. I attempted an apology for the grief I had innocently occasioned. He perceived my intention, and with a smile of dignified urbanity assured me that an apology was not necessary. "*Your sympathy, sir,*" he continued, "*has laid me under obligation, and, if the detail of the unhappy circumstances which led to the breaking up of one of the finest minds of a created being—if the fondness of a father may be allowed to judge—would in any way interest you, I shall feel something like relief by reciting them to one so evidently capable of judging of their aggravations as yourself.*" I attempted to assure the old gentleman of the mournful pleasure I should receive by being so far obliged.

After a few seconds the old man observed, as he dashed a tear from his eye, and pointed to the grave, "*There, sir, is the place of my poor Emma's mournful vigils; there, sir, on that grave, she strews fresh-gathered flowers each returning evening, and beside it chants her lay of sorrow, and then harmlessly and pensively returns to her lonely chamber.*" I perceived, as he spoke, the withered tokens of poor Emma's regard, half covering the raised clods of earth.

The old man again dried the moisture from his cheeks, and then proceeded: "There repose as worthy a pair as ever died of a broken heart. Forty summer suns have visited this our once happy village, since first I knew Egbert Harlow. He was then but a youth of about twelve or fourteen years of age; a merry, curly-headed boy, the darling of his affectionate parents,—and, ere we had thought of it, Egbert had become a man—a young one, it is true, but old enough, he believed, to marry. That indispensable requisite to happiness, or fruitful source of misery, 'a wife,' was wished for by him, nor was it long before he had found a maiden every way worthy so worthy a young man. They were married; and well I remember that day—it was a village jubilee. They were the pride of the circle in which they moved; all esteemed, and most loved them. Many were the healths that were with sobriety drunk, and sincere the wishes that were expressed, on that occasion, for the welfare of Egbert Harlow and his lovely bride.

"The summer sky of prosperity was flatteringly bright above and around them; they did not even dream of ever knowing a sadder day than their wedding-day, and a happier one they could not know. Egbert's father, who had been some time before this a widower, soon after died, and left him a comfortable property; which, together with a few hundreds which his wife had brought as her marriage portion, placed them in easy circumstances.

"One year after their marriage saw them the happy parents of a lovely son—who received the name of his father, Egbert. With a fondness such as parents only can conceive of, they contemplated their "first-born, much-loved boy." The fond mother beheld in his bright eye the sparkling intelligence of his father,—while he, with equal sagacity, discovered in his artless smile the amiable and attractive spirit of his mother: he possessed in short their undivided affections. Yes, he who soon became the cause of the first uneasiness they felt after their

happy union, was almost, if not altogether, the idol of their hearts. No sooner had he learned to run alone, than enterprise became his delight; nor did a week pass, but some juvenile misdemeanor of the infant Egbert filled his mother's heart with uneasiness. He had attained his fourth year, when a portion at least of his parents' affection was transferred from him to a brother, by the birth of a second son.

The joy which even children partake of at such an event was scarcely felt, and but a short time enjoyed, by the first-born. The dissimilarity of the tempers and pursuits of the brothers became obvious, as the character of each developed itself in their growing years. Alfred, so the second son was named, was gentle as the shorn lamb, and unassuming as the violet of the valley. His soul appeared all affection; the very element in which he lived was kindness. Noble, generous, courageous, and manly, even in childhood, he won insensibly the hearts of all who knew him. Egbert, with the keen eye of the bird of the sun, saw the growing virtues of his brother, and learned to hate the "excellence he could not reach." There was a morosity and surliness stamped upon his forehead, which lowered in curling wrinkles of disapprobation at Alfred's growing favor. Like another Cain, his soul brooded over imaginary wrongs, and determined revenge upon his unsuspecting rival.

"Egbert had reached his sixteenth year, when one night—the recollection brings a sickening influence over me—the wind howled dreadfully; it rose to a perfect hurricane, and occasionally cracking peals of thunder seemed to threaten some fearful destruction. The storm drew nearer and nearer, until the bursting cloud, perpendicularly above us, shot forth streams of forked lightning. It struck the tower of our church, and carried in its course a considerable portion of it to the ground. On that night the brothers were missing, and servants were despatched in all directions in search of them. That

wood, which darkens by its shade the paddocks on our right, was scoured by myself and the distressed parent. We hallooed, and were answered by the bellowing thunders. We listened, and the roaring winds or mimic echoes mocked our anxieties. The storm gradually subsided, and the moon broke forth in splendor ; an appalling stillness succeeded the raging tempest. Still we continued our apparently fruitless search ; when, as we drew near the edge of the wood, where the swelling river, then almost overflowing its banks, wound along, a faint moan reached the listening and half-distracted father's ears ; another—and another—was audible. We called, but received no answer ; and, while half suspended in our progress by agitation, the glancing beams of the moon, shining brightly between two clumps of trees, (the torches we had employed had gone out,) fell full on a human figure, prostrate on the ground. We rushed eagerly towards it, and beheld, covered with clotted blood which had flowed from a deep wound on the left cheek and forehead, the youthful Alfred. But Egbert was nowhere to be seen. How to act we scarcely knew ; the sight had almost unmanned us. A call brought to our aid some servants, and the insensible and cold Alfred, with scarcely any signs of life, was carried home, followed by his weeping father,—while I continued my search for Egbert.

"To attempt a description of the fond mother's feelings, while she gazed upon the bloody form of her beloved Alfred, and found, to aggravate her misery, that Egbert was still missing, would be folly in the extreme. Medical aid was soon procured, and the boy's danger was pronounced to be much less than had at first been anticipated. Other small wounds, however, than those on the cheek and forehead, with several bruises, seemed to intimate that considerable violence had been exercised upon the unfortunate youth. As he was not in a fit state to give information, questions were not put to him.

"The night had passed away—and morning's light peeped from the gray mist of the east ; still I could discover nothing of Egbert. I had taken a long circuit, and was returning by the way of the river, when just as I reached the spot where Alfred had been found, I perceived something entangled among the bushes which grew by the side of the stream, the branches of which touched the water. I hastened towards it, and soon succeeded in bringing it to land. It was a hat ; on the inside was marked Egbert. Expecting I should find the body, I employed some time in examining the bushes as far as they extended, but in vain. I was compelled to return to the house of mourning, to add fresh sorrow to the bleeding hearts of my valued friends. Upon the production of the hat, no doubt was entertained that the youths had been waylaid, and that Alfred had been left for dead, while his brother had been thrown into the river ; but it was searched in vain.

"Two months passed away, and deep mourning clothed the family in its sable weeds for the lost child. In the mean time, Alfred slowly recovered ; and as his weakness permitted, he continued to inquire with peculiar anxiety after his brother. Waking, as from a dream, one evening, while his father and mother and myself were sitting in his room, he exclaimed, 'Oh, do forgive poor Egbert ; I am sure I forgive him ; he is still my dear, dear brother !' We looked at each other with amazement, as if fearful to ask what the youth could mean ; but conceiving he might be laboring under some partial delirium, we were recommencing our indifferent conversation, when he again inquired, 'What have you done, dear father, with Egbert ? I am sure I forgive him ; do let me see him, that I may tell him so.'

"I perceived that more than we had yet learned was to be disclosed ; I therefore intimated that Mrs. Harlow should retire—but she would not consent. Could it be possible that Egbert had done the deed ? If so, whether had he fled—what was his fate ?

‘Tell me, Alfred,’ I said, ‘how this sad affair happened; what was the cause of it?’ ‘If you will promise to forgive Egbert, I will,’ answered the sobbing youth. We promised his request should be complied with; when he informed us of what, at this moment, distant as it is, and even by faint recollection, chills my very blood:—That Egbert had invited him to a ramble through the wood; and although unwilling to go, yet, to please him, and hoping to gain him over, as he had for some days before assumed a more than ordinary degree of moroseness towards him, he consented. They walked together until they had reached the centre of the wood, when, fearing the approaching storm, he wished to return, but was prevented by Egbert, who still drew him onwards until they had reached the opposite side of the wood from that they had entered; when he suddenly charged him with having wronged him on several occasions. Alfred protested his innocence, and strove to pacify his growing anger, but in vain. With a stake which he tore from the thicket, he aimed a fierce blow at him; he staggered, and prayed his brother to spare him. Another and another blow followed; the blood gushed forth—he fell—and as his eyes closed he saw Egbert rush fearfully from him towards the river, and, until he found himself in his bed, he had no recollection of what afterwards followed.

“The disclosure was horrifying. It was now no longer doubted that Egbert, supposing he had murdered his brother, had added to his previous crime that of self-destruction. Alfred saw our agony, but could not explain its cause. Supposing we had learned the principal parts of the tragic tale from Egbert, whom he imagined to be still in the house, he had unsuspectingly with his own mouth furnished the awful truth, which never, but for such supposition, would have been made known by him.

“The pledge was renewed that Egbert should be forgiven, and the assurance was most sincerely given by

his distracted parents, and the invalid felt partially satisfied. He was soon so far recovered as to leave the house, when, to silence his repeated inquiries for Egbert, the heart-rending truth was unwillingly, and as easily as possible, told him. Poor Alfred! I see him now; almost I imagine I hear the piercing agony that burst from his heaving bosom—while with eyes that would, had it been possible, have wept streams of blood,—suffused with tears, he exclaimed, “My brother! oh! my brother!” Time, however, which obliterates the deepest traces of sorrow from the brow of youth, smoothed the wrinkles upon Alfred’s: the impression was gradually weakened from his bosom, and the intense pain of sorrow wore off; while the cheering and consoling influence of Christian principles tended partially to lead to tranquillity and happiness the bereaved and sorrowing family.

“About the period to which I now refer, I was called, by unerring Wisdom, to suffer an irreparable loss, by the death of one of the most excellent of wives, and affectionate of mothers. By this means I became a cheerless solitary, and my beloved Emma defenceless and forlorn. The times of affliction are periods when friendship is proved; then it is that the high endearment of that sacred name is fully known. A powerful, but indefinable feeling puts forth its uniting influence, blending the hearts of rational beings to their fellows in distress and misfortune, so that the circumstances, which in themselves are always to be deprecated, are not unfrequently made to subserve our best interests, by drawing into closer compact kindred affections. I experienced this in the kindness of Alfred’s mother; her attentions were unremitting, her friendly services without end. She became as an angel of mercy to me in my sorrow, and the guide of the youth of my motherless Emma.

“The friendship subsisting between our families before this period was

strong, but now our intimacy became uninterrupted. As our residences were contiguous, being merely parted by a small meadow, through which a narrow streamlet, made passable by a plank-formed bridge, winds gently, and a little copse-wood of young oak and beech trees ; scarcely a day passed without a visit being made by one family or the other. Grief is more hastily destructive than time—I felt it so; my strength became insensibly impaired. The arm of my affectionate child was therefore a valuable support, as we moved over the meadow during the refreshing hours of a summer evening. On such occasions Alfred was usually seen bounding like a roe to meet us, and, thus conducted between the two, I was welcomed to the house of my friend, or guided and assisted back to my own. The result of such visits, as might have been expected, was a virtuous affection between Alfred and Emma. I saw the growing passion of the youthful pair, and approved it : I could but do so. Everything conspired to make it desirable that two families, so united in friendship, should in their representatives be more indissolubly bound together.

“ Alfred had now attained his twenty-sixth year, while Emma was three years his junior. The day of their espousals was fixed, and bustling preparations were making for the occasion. It was determined that the house in which Alfred first drew the breath of life should be their dwelling-place, while I was to be their happy inmate. One week, one little week only, intervened between the consummation of their promised earthly blessedness. The Sabbath came, the first day of the week, at the end of which the beings who had long been united in heart, were to attend to a public recognition of it, and be legally made one. They joined in the solemn services of the sanctuary on that hallowed day, and then walked in company to my dwelling, where on that night Alfred slept, as on the following morning he intended leaving

by coach, which passed my house, for Hampshire on business of importance.

“ That evening was spent as Sabbath evenings should be spent. The father and mother of Alfred were present with us. The exercises of the day were recapitulated : the intellectual delights we had experienced, and the spiritual enjoyments with which we had been favored, were gratefully acknowledged and improved. Alfred was our priest at the domestic altar, and with a song of adoration our families separated.

“ On the following morning an early breakfast was got ready for our traveller, which prepared him for his journey. Emma felt unusually dull at the idea of his departure. We strove, but unsuccessfully, to rouse her by a little gentle raillery : ‘ Surely,’ I jocosely observed, ‘ you can spare him for three days, my Emma ; that will be the extent of his absence, and then, my love, you will have no fear of losing him.’ A blush covered her maiden cheek, as she turned her eye playfully from me to Alfred, who stood gazing upon her. She endeavored to smile, but it was the smile of grief which she could alone give as she faintly replied, ‘ I do not fear that, my dear father.’ I shook him heartily by the hand as he left the parlor,—while Emma walked on with him to the garden gate ; where, until the coach was lost to her sight, she stood looking after it.

“ On her return I perceived a paleness upon her cheek which pained and alarmed me. She had evidently shed tears, too. With a view to cheer her from her depression of spirits, I proposed a walk to Alfred’s father’s. To this proposal she agreed with evident pleasure ; for she loved his parents with a daughterly affection. We almost immediately set off. The visit operated as I wished and expected ; she recovered her usual buoyancy of spirits, and returned in the evening with cheerfulness to our home.

“ The afternoon of Wednesday had arrived, and Emma had taken, I



thought, more than ordinary pains with her hair and her dress. With the utmost impatience she visited the kitchen clock, and before four o'clock had struck, the usual time for the return of the coach, she had not looked at its face less than twenty times. Four o'clock at length came, and she hastened into the garden, and listened with agitated attention for the rumbling of the wheels of the conveyance, which now would have sounded to her more sweet than the most delightful music : but no sound saluted her ear. She strolled round the walks of the garden, and prepared a bouquet for Alfred, and while confining the scented group with a piece of blue riband, the welcome, wished-for rumbling of the coach-wheels was heard in the distance. She turned in the direction of the road.—A cloud of dust rose above the trees, which hid the conveyance from her view.—It traveled rapidly, and just as she reached the gate it drove up—passed—and again vanished.—Alfred had not returned.

“ I had entered the garden to welcome his return, and met my Emma just in time to witness, partially, the effects this disappointment had produced upon her. The flowers she had gathered fell from her hand, as mournfully she strained her eyes after the swiftly-moving vehicle, the sound of whose wheels had now nearly died away. Knowing the punctual habits of Alfred, I felt at a loss myself to explain the cause of his absence, but dared not allow my astonishment to be seen by my child. I strove to rally her, by intimating that some unforeseen business had undoubtedly detained him until the next day, when she might chide him for his present inattention. There was an appearance of satisfaction with my reasoning, but, alas ! it was only an appearance. The next day came,—the afternoon arrived,—two, three, half-past three,—a few minutes of four. Four struck—the coach was heard—came, and passed as on the preceding day, but Alfred was still absent.

“ While confounded at this unaccountable occurrence, and grieved to distraction at the affliction of my dear Emma, Mr. and Mrs. Harlow arrived, not aware that their son had not reached our house on the preceding day. A variety of conjectures was submitted, to charm away each other's unpleasant sensations, while neither appeared satisfied, either with his own or others' thoughts. I still urged that business alone had detained him : but then I was met by—“ He would have written,” and was compelled to be silent. Friday came, and went, without explanation ; and Saturday, the day appointed, and long looked for, on which the marriage was to have taken place, had more than half lapsed away. The “ *Telegraph* ” had passed, but Alfred had not arrived. “ Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.” I had fondly nourished hope until the moment of the coach's arrival, but that circumstance produced for a time a stunning effect upon our whole circle. That something of a serious character had occurred, now appeared certain to all.

“ My best horse was instantly saddled ;—the anxious father threw himself upon its back, and, with the fleetness of a courier, directed his way to the house which Alfred had left home for, in Hampshire. Until the following Tuesday, our feelings were kept on the rack of agonizing suspense. Tortured by a thousand imaginings, and bewildered in the maze of inexplicable mystery—we suffered a thousand evils in fearing one : we wished for information, yet dreaded to receive it. As the shade on the sun-dial pointed to seven o'clock, Mr. Harlow returned, but his countenance presaged evil tidings. From him we learned that Alfred had left Southampton on the Monday evening, and from thence had passed on to Portsmouth, intending, as he stated, to return home from that place on Tuesday morning. Thither the grieving father traced him, but all further knowledge of him was cut off.

“ Emma heard the tale as though

she heard it not. A lethargic stupefaction seemed to have taken irremediable possession of her ; all our attempts were unavailing to cheer or rouse her ; the very core of her existence had become affected. Her only amusement, now, consisted in rambling across the fields to Mr. Harlow's, or strolling round our extensive garden, and visiting the arbor, where Alfred used for hours to sit during the summer evenings, and read by her side, while she engaged herself in some piece of fancy-work.

"Thus months passed away, when one morning the servant entered our breakfast-parlor with a letter. It was directed to Emma. Scarcely had her tear-dimmed eye fallen on the well-known characters of the address, than, with an ecstasy almost overpowering, she pressed it to her lips, and then tore it open, as she exclaimed—"My Alfred still lives." Hastily she ran over part of its contents, but had not proceeded far before it fell from her nerveless hands—and, in a fainting stupor, which looked like death's forerunner, she was borne to her bed.

"I immediately despatched a messenger for Mr. and Mrs. Harlow, who attended instantly to the summons, when I laid before them the letter from Alfred. It was dated at Gibraltar, and was written amid the bustle and noisy preparations of war. He informed his beloved Emma that he had reached Portsmouth late on Monday night, anxious to leave on the following morning for home. He had scarcely left the coach, when he was surrounded by a party of men, desperate alike in looks and action. He soon learned they were a gang of men employed to impress both seamen and landsmen for the naval service. Without allowing him time to write, they hurried him on board a vessel ready to receive the unfortunate individuals who were thus inhumanly trepanned. Thence he was, with several others, drafted on board a ship of war, which weighed anchor the following day, and sailed to join the fleet under the command of Lord Exmouth, who was

about to attack the city of Algiers. The troops, he informed us, were entering the ship while he wrote ; and in a few hours from the date of the letter he expected he should be called to witness scenes, at the bare idea of which his heart revolted. A noble spirit breathed throughout the whole, while the grief of the man was absorbed in the resignation of the Christian."

Mr. Wilkinson paused a moment. The scenes of by-gone years stood out before him. His frame shook from the intensity of his feelings, and he attempted in vain to suppress the violence of his grief. Nature triumphed over the man, and a torrent of scalding tears gushed from his aged eyes, and laved his furrowed cheeks. The relief was instantaneous and salutary, but it was infectious. Before I was aware of it, I had mingled my tears with the good old man's, and felt as though I realized, by actual vision, all the scenes he had so pathetically, and with all the irresistible power of unadorned simplicity, narrated. The luxury of unbroken silence, save only as a half-suppressed sigh struggled out, tranquillized us both. "You will excuse the feelings of a parent and a friend," said the venerable mourner, as he wiped the tears from his face ; "I loved Alfred as though he had been my own son. But the sequel of my tale will be brief, and will be the best apology for my conduct ; you will, therefore, sir, I hope, allow me to proceed."—I bowed assent, for I could do no more, and he went on.

"Five weeks of dreadful anxiety passed away after we received Alfred's letter, during which period a strong and alarming evidence was given that the shock which his mother had received, who was naturally of a tender constitution, was likely to prove fatal. Poor Emma, too, had never since been seen to smile. Her native vivacity had entirely deserted her. The buoyancy of her spirits had been succeeded by a pensive melancholy, which no effort could remove. The weekly journals were now read with lively, yet painful interest. The suc-

cess of the British arms, in reducing to subjection the haughty and cruel Dey, was announced ; a general list was furnished of the killed and wounded, but nothing particular could as yet be obtained. At length the fatal tidings came.—Oh ! I see the rolling madness now, that then fired the eye of my beloved Emma, but which wild brightness soon declined to dullness, to shine in its wonted lustre no more forever in this world.—The fatal tidings came, which told us that our Alfred was among the slain.

“ To describe the scene which immediately followed the information, would be as impossible as to gather up the tears which then were shed. To attempt it is not necessary—it was overwhelming. The father and mother, like two majestic oaks smitten by the same blast of lightning, drooped—and died. That grave, sir, before three weeks had passed, received them both. Emma and myself followed them to their resting-place. We watered the earth of those we so much loved, and returned, but not in comfort, to our home. Ah, no ; my child survived indeed the blow—but how ! Her body lived—but the ethereal spark, which lighted up her once lovely form, went out, or burned but with a fitful glimmer. Reason was dethroned, and she who once was the pride of the village, now wanders a harmless, joyless, mourning maniac. If she is now capable of receiving pleasure, it is derived from her lonely visits to the tomb of Alfred’s parents, on which she scatters flowers,—over which she chants a melancholy air, and then returns to muse, in almost unbroken silence, in her own chamber.”

The good old man paused, and placed his hand on his forehead for a moment, as if in deep abstraction. The tears again started from his eyes, as he elevated them in meek submission, and exclaimed, clasping his wrinkled hands together, “ Thy will be done.—I dare not, sir, rebel,” he said ; “ although I cannot but grieve,

mercy has been mingled with all my afflictions ; as has been my day, so has been my strength also. The painful scene will soon close, and I shall then know fully, and approve entirely, what now I cannot comprehend.” I was unable to reply. I felt unutterable things. I seemed surrounded by another atmosphere than that in which I had before lived. So different was the experience of the venerable being by my side, from the frigid calculations of mere orthodox theorists, I half regretted that I should be compelled to leave him. I, however, prevailed upon him to accompany me to my inn, where we dined together, after which we took an affectionate leave of each other, and I journeyed towards my residence in town.

Weeks passed on, and still my mind instinctively reverted to the pathetic statements and pious resignation of Mr. Wilkinson. An effect was produced of which I could not divest myself ; my spirits appeared tinged with a species of melancholy, derived, as it would appear, by sympathy, which, being directly opposite to my natural habits, became the more observable. I was one day, at the distance of about five or six weeks after my return from Sussex, absorbed in mournful reverie on the pitiable circumstances of the poor maniac Emma, while sitting alone in my parlor, when a gentleman was announced. Rousing myself as well as I was able, I had the pleasure of receiving by the hand an old and valued friend in the person of Mr. Roberts, who had lately returned from Gibraltar.

After a few hours’ conversation, a question was very naturally asked by my friend, if, during his absence, I had experienced any serious loss, to produce such a sombre cast in my manners. Until this moment I was not properly conscious of the fact, but now I felt it. In a few words, therefore, I mentioned the incident I had lately met with. I perceived that in some parts of my narrative, especially towards its end, his attention was

roused in an extraordinary degree. I had not mentioned names, and therefore when I ceased he inquired, with evident anxiety, the name of the young man to whom I had referred.—I answered, “Alfred Harlow.”—“Alfred Harlow !” exclaimed my friend ; “I have now letters in my portmanteau from him, directed to his parents and beloved Emma. If you will allow me I will finish the tale, of which you have furnished me with the first part, with the sequel of which, I apprehend, you will not be less interested than by the former portion. I requested he would gratify me with the detail—still hoping that something might yet transpire, by which to comfort the sorrowing heart of poor Emma. Mr. Roberts immediately commenced as follows.

Of my visit to Gibraltar, and the purpose of my going thither, it is not necessary I should trouble you, as you possess already sufficient information of those subjects : I will therefore confine myself, for the present, to the circumstances immediately connected with the subject before us.

On the morning of the 14th of August, 1816, a morning memorable to every lover of liberty, a sight awfully impressive stood before the impregnable Rock. A fleet of British ships of war was just breaking from its anchorage, each vessel spreading her flowing sails to shape her course towards the bay of Algiers, to chastise the ferocious plunderers of Africa, by the bombardment of the tyrant’s capital. The squadron consisted of the Queen Charlotte, of one hundred and ten guns, on board which the admiral, Lord Exmouth, had hoisted his flag ; the Impregnable, of ninety-eight guns ; four seventy-fours ; with frigates and smaller vessels, attended by a sufficient number of bombs, gun-boats, and other flotilla. The signal for sailing was watched with anxiety by the assembled multitudes on the shore, who had met to animate, by their cheers, the departing heroes of their country. The signal-gun, from the Admiral’s ship,

reverberated in the excavations of the Rock, and was answered by a shout whose echo only died away, to be answered and repeated again and again. It was an imposing spectacle to stand and gaze upon the lessening sail, until the beautiful fleet receded from sight in the foggy distance.

It was scarcely possible, on such an occasion, not to feel the force of Montgomery’s beautiful lines :

“Majestic o’er the sparkling tide,  
See the tall vessel sail,  
With swelling wings, in shadowy pride,  
A swan before the gale.”

The object which the ship-lodged warriors had in view was glorious, the humbling the arrogant power of the pirates of Barbary, and the deliverance from slavery of numbers of their countrymen. But the sickening conviction would force itself upon the mind, amid the brightest visions which an emulation of Roman greatness and Grecian heroism could create, that numbers of those who had but now quitted the shores with cheering spirits, would, ere a few hours had elapsed, have exchanged the warm embraces of wife and children for the cold and bloody arms of death.

The results of that expedition are well known ; to recapitulate the sanguinary scenes which followed the anchoring of our fleet immediately in front of the Barbarians’ city, at a distance of not more than fifty yards, would only be to excite feelings of the most painful nature. On the 28th, the haughty Dey, willing to capitulate on any terms to save his city from the burning ruin which threatened it, engaged to abolish Christian slavery forever, and throw open the prison-houses immediately to all slaves in his dominions, of whatever caste and nation they might be. Other concessions were made, honorable to our country and beneficial to the parties immediately concerned. The mission being completed, the victors returned ; and as they cast anchor in the gut, received the hearty welcome of their countrymen and friends. But, ah ! how changed the scene. The gallant

war-ships, which only a few days before stood out to sea in all the pride of nautical beauty, bestudding ocean's bosom with white and flowing sails, now presented in their battered hulks and shattered rigging some of the destructive effects of warfare; while many of the hardy tars, whose tongues had sounded in the loud "huzza" as Gibraltar lessened from their view, had found a watery grave, and hundreds were writhing under the agonies of burning wounds, or disabled forever by the loss of limbs.

The hospitals were soon crowded with mutilated sufferers, whose prolonged lives appeared only the prolongation of their mortal miseries. A few days after the return of the fleet, I visited the receptacle of the wretched sufferers. But the scenes of woe I witnessed baffles all description. The spectacle still stands before my mind's eye, and never shall I escape the heart-felt impression which it made. But with none was I more struck than with two young men whose beds were next each other. One had served in the army, the other had been engaged in the navy. The soldier had lost both his legs, which, during the heat of the action, had been torn away by a chain-shot: the sailor was deprived of both his arms, one of which had been shot off in the onset of the fight—the other, from being much fractured, had since been amputated. Of neither were there any hopes of recovery entertained. But the difference with which each bore his sufferings was impressively striking. The youthful seaman enjoyed a calm tranquillity, which neither the agonies he suffered nor the prospect of death could remove. The effects of Christianity were vividly displayed by him. His waking hours, and they were many, were employed either in fervent silent prayer, or in affectionate and meek exhortation to his fellow-sufferer. The character of the soldier was the very antipodes of this. A dreadful gloom sat scowling upon his sun-browned visage, while the agonies of his body seemed ex-

ceeded by the torments of his mind. A fearful drowsiness gradually fastened upon him, as the certain precursor of approaching death.

During one of my visits, for I visited the young sailor several times, being greatly interested in his welfare, I found the soldier groaning in uneasy slumbers, while his companion, as usual, was prayerfully looking towards a better world. I soon obtained from him his tragic history: his name, he informed me, was Alfred Harlow; of his birthplace, family, and recent prospects, I received a brief but painful recital. His anxiety for his parents, and his beloved Emma, was excessive. While I sat by his side, I became his amanuensis, penning the effusions of his soul, in which piety and affection were blended, to his Emma and his parents. Another week passed, and hopes, faint ones indeed, were entertained of his recovery. He had so far regained his strength as to be able to rise, which circumstance he improved by walking among his fellow-sufferers, from bed to bed, and directing their minds to the realities of a future state. The incessant labor he had bestowed upon the soldier was happily succeeded by the most beneficial results. His attention had been roused, and the latent feelings of his mind brought into vigorous play.

On entering their ward one morning, I found Alfred sitting by the bedside of William Clark, (so the soldier was called,) in close conversation with him. A violent degree of agitation possessed the bosom of Clark, and yet there was a change in his countenance of the most pleasing kind. Alfred had urged him to the recital of some scenes of his past life, to which he had referred with much evident mental suffering, without mentioning anything distinctly. As I drew near him, he held out his feverish hand to me, at the same time observing,—“Sir, I shall soon leave this world, but before I die I feel wishful to make a disclosure of the most painful kind, a disclosure which will indeed stamp my memory with infamy, and yet I feel it

necessary to make it. I know no persons more suitable to make it to, than yourself and this kind friend, to whose attentions I shall be indebted forever. Will you, sir," he continued, "listen to me?" The earnestness of his manner was peculiar, and perceiving that it was likely he would soon be past the power of communication, I assured him of my readiness to hear him,—when he thus commenced :—

"Twenty years have rolled away since I left the house of the most indulgent of parents, during which period I have wandered like an accursed spirit through the earth, seeking rest but finding none. Yes, twenty years have passed since I perpetrated that crime which has blasted all my happiness, and brought me to my present miserable end.

"I was naturally of a morose and churlish disposition. Pride and jealousy were among my besetting sins, and these were perhaps fostered by the mistaken kindness of my parents towards me. I was their first-born child. The birth of a brother, four years after my own, tended in some degree to divert their adoration from me. I perceived, or fancied I did, that as he grew up, their attentions towards myself became weakened ; and well they might, for he was worthy of all their heart's affection. He was gentleness itself, and goodness personified. My proud heart could not bear a rival, and secretly, but resolutely, I determined to remove him out of my way. I shudder while my thoughts go back to those dark purposes of my mind :—we grew together—we slept together—we ate and drank together ;—still my purpose was unbroken ; the very kindness which he showed me maddened me to rage against him. I had attained my sixteenth year, when artfully I enticed him from home, to which I determined he should return no more alive. I led him to the deep bosom of a wood, not far from my father's house—a place well fitted for my purpose of blood. Nature seemed to execrate the deed I was about to perpetrate. The distant

thunders rolled awfully, and vivid lightnings darted betwixt the closely-matted trees of the forest. My brother became alarmed, and urged my return, which I resolutely opposed. I had led him to the opposite side of the wood, without devising any precise means for his destruction, when he refused to proceed any further, alleging, as the reason for his wish to return, the pain our absence would cause to our parents. That which ought to have touched the finest sensibilities of my nature, stung me to the quick. I seized the trembling youth, and tearing a rude stake from the boundary hedge, aimed at him a deadly blow. I see him staggering from me now—he fell, exclaiming most beseechingly as he lay prostrate at my feet—'Oh brother, spare me!' But pity had fled my satanic breast ; I stayed not my hand until I had stained my soul with my brother's blood. From a gaping wound in his forehead I saw his life ebb out. A fearful clap of thunder roused me from the stupor into which I had fallen ;—all the atrocity of my crime flashed upon me, and I fled from the spot, with the cries of my brother's blood—'O spare me,'—sounding in my ears.

"To prevent pursuit and discovery, I threw my hat into a river which skirted the wood, judging it probable that my parents, from whom I had now separated myself forever, might, should it be discovered, conceive we had been robbed and murdered, and that I had been thrown into the stream. I wandered on without knowing whither. Night soon wrapt the heavens in awful gloom. Oh the horrors of darkness to a murderer's soul ! I rested from my flight, and as I listened heard the sound of voices. They drew nearer, and I crept, serpent-like, into the thickness of a bush overhung with honeysuckle. Scarcely had I cringed myself up with breathless stillness, when the flashing light of torches penetrated my recess, and the voice of my father, calling my brother and myself as he passed the bush, tore my very soul. I saw him then, but I saw

him no more ; he passed on, and darkness and silence again succeeded.

"Fearing detection, I left my hiding-place, and early on the following morning met with a hoard of gipsies, to whom I told a tale which easily satisfied them. I exchanged my clothes and assumed their garb, discolored my face, and became one of their wandering tribe ; and was soon initiated into all their mysteries and villany. Frequent repetitions of petty thefts hardened my seared conscience, —but still the blood of my brother spoke out, and the cry of '*Oh spare me !*' was ever ringing in my ears.

"Three years I wandered thus, and then, under an assumed name, entered the army. The novelty of my new situation, and the constant change and bustle of a soldier's life, awhile diverted my attention. I plunged into every species of vice, and took the lead in every daring enterprise. But conscience only slumbered ;—it was silenced, not conquered. There were times when it did speak out ; and oh ! the misery of an awakened guilty conscience ! The information I had received from a pious mother prevented my crediting the falsehood I would fain have believed—That I did not possess an immortal soul—that there was no hereafter—that death was an eternal sleep ! I felt a hell within me ; comfort had fled my guilty bosom. I even wished for death, but death fled from me. I have visited each quarter of the globe—have been

engaged in various battles—have reveled in every kind of riot : but when pleasure appeared within the reach of my grasp, such pleasure as sin can yield its votaries—its slaves—'*Oh ! spare me, brother !*' has thundered through my brain, and driven my soul near to madness.

"Three months since, our regiment was sent to Gibraltar. Many fell beneath a malignant fever which then raged here. I was spared, but neither judgments nor mercy moved my hardened heart. I was among a detachment ordered to attend Lord Exmouth in his expedition against Algiers. My race is now nearly run, and but for this stranger friend,"—and he turned, as he spake, an expressive look towards Alfred,—"*I should have had just reason to expect misery in a future world more dreadful than any I have suffered in this. But I shall now die the repentant Egbert Harlow.*"

"Egbert Harlow !" exclaimed the agitated Alfred. Yes, it was indeed the wretched Egbert. "I am your brother Alfred," he added. His hair fell aside as he leaned over his astonished brother, and discovered the seamy scar upon his forehead to the dying Egbert. "*Oh my brother !*" exclaimed the departing man, as with a convulsive effort he threw his arms around his brother's neck, and expired. And when they lifted up the wasted Alfred, it was discovered that his spirit had joined his brother's in a better world.

## THE FORSAKEN TO THE FALSE ONE.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

I DARE thee to forget me ! go wander where thou wilt,  
Thy hand upon the vessel's helm, or on the sabre's hilt ;  
Away ! thou 'rt free ! o'er land and sea, go rush to danger's brink !  
But oh, thou canst not fly from thought ! thy curse will be—to think !

Remember me ! remember all—my long enduring love,  
That link'd itself to perfidy ; the vulture and the dove !  
Remember, in thy utmost need I never once did shrink,  
But clung to thee confidingly ; thy curse shall be—to think !

Then go ! that thought will render thee a dastard in the fight,  
That thought, when thou art tempest-tost, will fill thee with affright ;  
In some wild dungeon mayst thou lie, and, counting each cold link  
That binds thee to captivity, thy curse shall be—to think !



Go ! seek the merry banquet-hall, where younger maidens bloom,  
The thought of *me* shall make thee *there* endure a deeper gloom ;  
That thought shall turn the festive cup to poison while you drink,  
And while false smiles are on thy cheek, thy curse will be—to think !

Forget me ! false one, *hope* it not ! When minstrels touch the string,  
The memory of other days will gall thee while they sing ;  
The airs I used to love will make thy coward conscience shrink,  
Aye every note will have its sting ; thy curse will be—to think !

Forget me ! No, that shall not be ! I'll haunt thee in thy sleep—  
In dreams thou 'lt cling to slimy rocks that overhang the deep ;  
Thou 'lt shriek for aid ! *my* feeble arm shall hurl thee from the brink,  
And when thou wak'st in wild dismay, thy curse will be—to think !

### KÖRNER, THE GERMAN POET.

CHARLES THEODORE KÖRNER was born at Dresden, on the 13th of September, 1791. His father was an enlightened magistrate, well known by his writings on politics and the fine arts. Weak and unhealthy in his infancy, his first school was a garden and the country ; his first education, but few lessons and regular gymnastic exercises. Without evincing any precocity of talent, which is but too frequently deceptive, he early exhibited strong passions, a quickness of imagination, and an affectionate temper. The chief objects of attraction for him were history, natural science, the mathematics, and drawing. Subsequently, when he felt the force of his inspiration for poetry, he became aware that close study, and an enlarged intimate knowledge of men and nature, form the proper food of the truly poetic genius.

Being intended for the occupation of a miner, he quitted his father's roof at the age of seventeen, and, in the summer of 1808, entered the public school of Freyberg. Indefatigable in the pursuit of his new career, he overcame all difficulties, and gave himself up to the study of the collateral sciences ; whilst, at the same time, his passionate love of nature and poetry made him view his future profession in its most poetic and imaginative light,—making frequent journeys on foot in the garb and with the implements of a miner, and scaling steep rocks, at the peril of his life, in order to enrich his collection of fossils and minerals.

His conduct at Leipsic and Berlin, where he entered at the universities in 1810 and 1811, was a mixture of hardihood, independence, and taste for cultivated society ; of a love of study and a love of enjoyment ; of youthful loyalty and the extravagances of an university. It was with a poetic feeling that he adopted the life of the students ; at Leipsic, he even formed a society of poets, and produced his first attempts—a collection of poetical pieces—under the title of *Flower-buds* (Knospen).

About this time the father of Körner, who was averse to the manners and habits that prevailed at the universities, removed his son to a sphere of intellectual activity less bounded than the narrowed path of an academic student, and in which talent might secure to itself a proper elevation. Vienna was chosen as the new abode of Körner. There, in the house of the Prussian ambassador, M. W. Humboldt, and in the society of M. Schlegel, he entered upon a new career. His arrival at Vienna, which was in the month of August, 1811, was the commencement of an important epoch in his life. The brilliancy which the theatres of Vienna then boasted, drew Körner forcibly towards dramatic poetry. Sixteen pieces of different kinds, begun or finished in the space of fifteen months, and most of them played with a success which greatly surpassed the poet's hopes, were, together with some fugitive pieces, the first fruits of his residence in a world purely literary, and evinced

the flexibility of his talents and the facility of his versification. At the first representation of one of his tragedies, the audience demanded the appearance of the author,—an honor seldom conferred in Vienna. Thus flattered by the public, he was soon appointed dramatic poet to the Court; and, to add to this apparent prosperity, he enjoyed the satisfaction of an honorable attachment to a virtuous actress. Such was the flattering situation of Körner, when, in the beginning of 1813, came the appeal of Prussia to her children to recover their national independence. This appeal found a ready echo in the breast of the young poet, and from that moment all his thoughts and affections were turned towards the liberators of his country, in whose service and for whose liberty he was ready to sacrifice life, fortune, and all his future prospects of love and glory.

Taking his departure from Vienna on the 15th of March, he was admitted at Breslau into the corps of volunteers under the orders of the Mayor of Lutzow. Here he found young men, distinguished by the elevation of their sentiments and the education they had received; officers, already known by honorable service; philosophers and statesmen, who, from a patriotic enthusiasm, had joined the standard of the mayor to revenge the oppression of their liberties. Ardent, courageous, and devoted to his military duties, Körner avoided no fatigue nor danger;

inactivity alone wearied him. By degrees he became adjutant to the mayor, rising solely by his own intrepidity and the intelligence he evinced upon all occasions.

Music, however, and poetry, occupied all his leisure moments, and, instead of being mere amusements, they became, in his hands, weapons of great power. His lyre was as much to be dreaded as his sword,—his songs taking for subject the events of the time, his own emotions, and all the inspiration of German patriotism. Having been, for the first time, severely wounded, he soon recovered, and had again joined the service. On the 26th of August, the corps of Lutzow found itself opposed to a French corps. During an hour's halt in a wood, Körner composed his famous "*Song to his Sword*." At day-break, he wrote it in his portfolio, and read it to a friend, when the signal was given for the attack. Although superior, in point of numbers, the enemy fled after a short resistance, and Körner became conspicuous by his eagerness for the pursuit. Of sixty shots, which the French in their retreat showered from behind the thicket upon the Prussians, three only took effect. One of these terminated the existence of the young poet, at the age of twenty-two; and he thus died as he had presaged in his songs, and prayed for in his enthusiasm.

His remains were interred by the road-side, at the foot of an oak.

#### OLD MORTALITY.

THE new edition of Vol. I. of the "*Tales of my Landlord*," which has just issued from the Edinburgh press, contains the following introductory notice of the individual known by the name of *Old Mortality*,—a man whose singular pilgrimages and occupations have given rise to one of the most successful productions of the most successful author of the age.

"The remarkable person, called by the title of *Old Mortality*, was

well known in Scotland about the end of the last century. His real name was Robert Paterson. He was a native, it is said, of the parish of Closeburn, in Dumfries-shire, and probably a mason by profession—at least educated to the use of the chisel. Whether family dissensions, or the deep and enthusiastic feeling of supposed duty, drove him to leave his dwelling, and adopt the singular mode of life in which he wandered, like a

palmer, through Scotland, is not known. It could not be poverty, however, which prompted his journeys, for he never accepted anything beyond the hospitality which was willingly rendered him; and when that was not proffered, he always had money enough to provide for his own humble wants. His personal appearance, and favorite or rather sole occupation, are accurately described in the preliminary chapter of the foregoing work. It is about thirty years since, or more, that the author met this singular person in the church-yard of Dunnottar, when spending a day or two with the late learned and excellent clergyman, Mr. Walker, the minister of that parish, for the purpose of a close examination of the ruins of the Castle of Dunnottar, and other subjects of antiquarian research in that neighborhood. Old Mortality chanced to be at the same place, on the usual business of his pilgrimage; for the castle of Dunnottar, though lying in the anticonventant district of the Mearns, was, with the parish churchyard, celebrated for the oppressions sustained there by the Cameronians in the time of James II. It was in 1685, when Argyle was threatening a descent upon Scotland, and Monmouth was preparing to invade the west of England, that the privy council of Scotland, with cruel precaution, made a general arrest of more than a hundred persons in the southern and western provinces, supposed, from their religious principles, to be inimical to government, together with many women and children. These captives were driven northward like a flock of bullocks, but with less precaution to provide for their wants, and finally penned up in a subterranean dungeon in the castle of Dunnottar, having a window opening to the front of a precipice which overhangs the German Ocean. They had suffered not a little on the journey, and were much hurt both at the scoffs of the northern prelatists, and the mocks, gibes, and contemptuous tunes played by the fiddlers and pipers who had come from every

quarter as they passed, to triumph over the revilers of their calling. The repose which the melancholy dungeon afforded them was anything but undisturbed. The guards made them pay for every indulgence, even that of water; and when some of the prisoners resisted a demand so unreasonable, and insisted on their right to have this necessary of life untaxed, their keepers emptied the water on the prison-floor, saying, 'If they were obliged to bring water for the canting whigs, they were not bound to afford them the use of bowls or pitchers gratis.' In this prison, which is still termed the Whigs' Vault, several died of the diseases incidental to such a situation; and others broke their limbs, and incurred fatal injury, in desperate attempts to escape from their stern prison house. Over the graves of these unhappy persons, their friends, after the Revolution, erected a monument, with a suitable inscription. This peculiar shrine of the whig martyrs is very much honored by their descendants, though residing at a great distance from the land of their captivity and death. My friend, the Rev. Mr. Walker, told me, that being once upon a tour in the south of Scotland, probably about forty years since, he had the bad luck to involve himself in the labyrinth of passages and tracks which cross, in every direction, the extensive waste called Lochar Moss, near Dumfries, out of which it is scarcely possible for a stranger to extricate himself; and there was no small difficulty in procuring a guide, since such people as he saw were engaged in digging their peats—a work of paramount necessity, which will hardly brook interruption. Mr. Walker could, therefore, only procure unintelligible directions in the southern brogue, which differs widely from that of the Mearns. He was beginning to think himself in a serious dilemma, when he stated his case to a farmer of rather a better class, who was employed, as the others, in digging his winter fuel. The old man at first made the same excuse with those

who had already declined acting as the traveller's guide; but perceiving him in great perplexity, and paying the respect due to his profession, 'You are a clergyman, sir?' he said. Mr. Walker assented. 'And I observe, from your speech, that you are from the north?' 'You are right, my good friend,' was the reply. 'And may I ask if you have ever heard of a place called Dunnottar?' 'I ought to know something about it, my friend,' said Mr. Walker, 'since I have been several years the minister of the parish.' 'I am glad to hear it,' said the Dumfriessian, 'for one of my near relations lies buried there, and there is, I believe, a monument over his grave. I would give half of what I am aught, to know if it is still in existence.' 'He was one of those who perished in the Whigs' Vault at the castle?' said the minister; 'for there are few southlanders besides lying in our churchyard, and none, I think, having monuments.' 'Even sae—even sae,' said the old Cameronian, for such was the farmer. He then laid down his spade, cast on his coat, and heartily offered to see the minister out of the moss, if he should lose the rest of the *day's dargue*. Mr. Walker was able to requite him amply, in his opinion, by reciting the epitaph, which he remembered by heart. The old man was enchanted with finding the memory of his grandfather or great-grandfather faithfully recorded amongst the names of brother sufferers; and rejecting all other offers of recompense, only requested, after he had guided Mr. Walker to a safe and dry road, that he would let him have a written copy of the inscription. It was whilst I was listening to this story, and looking at the monument referred to, that I saw Old Mortality engaged in his daily task of cleaning and repairing the ornaments and epitaphs upon the tomb. His appearance and equipment were exactly as described in the novel. \* \* \* Old Mortality went on his way, and I saw him no more. \* \* \* I am also informed, that the old palmer's family,

in the third generation, survives, and is highly respected both for talents and worth. \* \* \*

"The following is an exact copy of the account of his funeral expenses,—the original of which I have in my possession:—

*Memorandum of the Funeral Charges of Robert Paterson, who dyed at Bunkhill on the 14th day of February, 1801.*

To a Coffin . . . . .	£0 12 0
To Munting for ditto . . . . .	0 2 8
To a Shirt for him . . . . .	0 5 6
To a pair of Cotton Stockings . . . . .	0 2 0
To Bread at the Founral . . . . .	0 2 6
To Chise at ditto . . . . .	0 3 0
To 1 pint Rume . . . . .	0 4 0
To 1 pint Whiskie . . . . .	0 4 6
To a man going to Annan . . . . .	0 2 0
To the grave diger . . . . .	0 1 0
To Linnen for a sheet to him . . . . .	0 2 8

2 1 10

Taken off him when dead . . . . . 1 7 6

0 14 4

"The above account is authenticated by the son of the deceased. \* \* \*

"For the purpose (says Mr. Train, in a letter to Sir Walter,) of erecting a small monument to his memory, I have made every possible inquiry, wherever I thought there was the least chance of finding out where Old Mortality was laid: but I have done so in vain, as his death is not registered in the session-book of any of the neighboring parishes. I am sorry to think, that, in all probability, this singular person, who spent so many years of his lengthened existence in striving with his chisel and mallet to perpetuate the memory of many less deserving than himself, must remain even without a single stone to mark out the resting-place of his mortal remains. Old Mortality had three sons, Robert, Walter, and John; the former, as has been already mentioned, lives in the village of Balmaclellan, in comfortable circumstances, and is much respected by his neighbors. Walter died several years ago, leaving behind him a family now respectably situated in this point. John went to America in the year 1776, and, after various turns of fortune, settled at Baltimore.'—Old Nol him-

self is said to have loved an innocent jest—(see Captain Hodgson's *Memoirs*). Old Mortality somewhat resembled the Protector in this turn to festivity. Like Master Silence, he had been merry twice and once in his time; but even his jests were of a melancholy and sepulchral nature, and sometimes attended with inconvenience to himself, as will appear from the following anecdote. The old man was at one time following\* his wonted occupation of repairing the tombs of the martyrs, in the churchyard of Girthon, and the sexton of the parish was plying his kindred task at no small distance. Some roguish urchins were sporting near them, and by their noisy gambols disturbing the old men in their serious occupation. The most petulant of the juvenile party were two or three boys, grandchildren of a person well known by the name of Cooper Climent. This artist enjoyed almost a monopoly in Girthon and the neighboring parishes, for making and selling ladles, caups, bickers, bowls, spoons, cogues, and trenchers, formed of wood, for the use of the country people. It must be noticed, that, notwithstanding the excellence of the cooper's vessels, they were apt, when new, to impart a reddish tinge to whatever liquor was put into them, a circumstance not uncommon in like cases. The grandchildren of this dealer in wooden work took it into their head to ask the sexton what use he could possibly make of the numerous fragments of old coffins which were thrown up in opening new graves. 'Do you not know,' said Old Mortality, 'that he sells them to your grandfather, who

makes them into spoons, trenchers, bickers, bowls, and so forth?' At this assertion, the youthful group broke up in great confusion and disgust, on reflecting how many meals they had eaten out of dishes which, by Old Mortality's account, were only fit to be used at a banquet of witches or of ghoules. They carried the tidings home, when many a dinner was spoiled by the loathing which the intelligence imparted; for the account of the materials was supposed to explain the reddish tinge which, even in the days of the cooper's fame, had seemed somewhat suspicious. The ware of Cooper Climent was rejected in horror, much to the benefit of his rivals the muggers, who dealt in earthenware. The man of cutty-spoon and ladle saw his trade interrupted, and learned the reason, by his quondam customers coming upon him in wrath to return the goods which were composed of such unhallowed materials, and demand repayment of their money. In this disagreeable predicament, the forlorn artist cited Old Mortality into a court of justice, where he proved that the wood he used in his trade was that of the staves of old wine-pipes bought from smugglers, with whom the country then abounded—a circumstance which fully accounted for their imparting a color to their contents. Old Mortality himself made the fullest declaration, that he had no other purpose in making the assertion than to check the petulance of the children. But it is easier to take away a good name than to restore it. Cooper Climent's business continued to languish, and he died in a state of poverty."

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#### ANCIENT SPARTA.

So long as the recollections of  
Glorious structures and immortal deeds  
Enlarge the thought and set the soul on fire,  
Sparta will remain consecrated ground

—perpetuated in history and the roll  
of never-dying fame. The poet and  
the philosopher—the lover of hoar an-  
tiquity and the student just free from

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\* This is a sample of the loose construction of Sir Walter Scott; and his lapses in this way are so frequent that it would be hypercritical to notice them.

"college rules"—all delight in exploring the classic stores of GREECE: yet among them is there not a spot more closely associated with the valor of her best sons, and the glory of her people, than SPARTA. Illustrious for their courage and intrepidity, their love of honor and liberty, and their aversion to sloth and luxury, the Spartans were courted and revered by neighboring princes, for their bravery in the field and moderation and temperance at home; and such was their magnanimity that they learned to contemplate death without fear or regret. Leonidas and Thermopylæ! what a flood of glory is shed around these two names! Yet they relate but to a single episode in Grecian history, and they are but two of the bright lights of her past ages. In our times we trace but faint lineaments of all this fame; yet the poet and the sentimental traveller love to linger beside Sparta, to meditate on the spot which gave birth to her heroes, and perchance to invoke her in song:—

Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers  
Lethargic dost thou lie?  
Awake! and join thy numbers  
With Athens, old ally!  
Leonidas recalling,  
That chief of ancient song,  
Who saved ye once from falling,  
The terrible! the strong!  
Who made that bold diversion  
In old Thermopylæ,  
And warring with the Persian  
To keep his country free;  
With his three hundred waging  
The battle, long he stood,  
And like a giant raging,  
Expired in seas of blood;\*

or to bewail her fallen glory in the words of England's last great poet:—

Climb of the unforgotten brave!  
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave  
Was Freedom's home, or Glory's grave!  
Shrine of the mighty! can it be  
That this is all remains of thee?

Thus Byron sung.

Sparta is now known by the name of Misitra. It has been severally known by the names of *Lalogia*, from *Leleges*, the first inhabitants of the country, or from *Lalex*, one of their kings; and *Ēbalia*, from *Ēbalus*, the

sixth king from Eurotas. It was also called *Hecatompolis*, from the hundred cities which the province once contained. The city was situated on the Eurotas, about thirty miles from its mouth. The classic reader will turn to the following description, by Chateaubriand, with intense interest. The enthusiasm of the traveller is so amiable, and the colors in which he paints his delight on approaching this hallowed spot, are so vivid and attractive, that we hope to merit the reader's approval of its selection.

"I determined," says M. Chateaubriand, "not to lie down, to employ the night in taking notes, to proceed the next day to the ruins of Sparta, and then continue my journey without returning to Misitra.

"We proceeded for an hour along a road running direct north-west, when, at break of day, I perceived some ruins and a long wall of antique construction. My heart began to palpitate. The janissary, turning towards me, pointed with his whip to a whitish cottage on the right, and exclaimed, with a look of satisfaction, 'Palæochori!' I made towards the principal ruin, which I perceived upon an eminence. Upon turning this eminence by the north-west for the purpose of ascending it, I was suddenly struck with the sight of a vast ruin of semicircular form, which I instantly recognised as an ancient theatre. I am not able to describe the confused feelings which overpowered me. The hill, at the foot of which I stood, was consequently the hill of the citadel of Sparta, since the theatre was contiguous to the citadel; the ruin which I beheld upon that hill was of course the temple of Minerva Chalcioecos, since that temple was in the citadel; and the fragments of the long wall which I had passed lower down must have formed part of the quarter of the Cynosuri, since that quarter was to the north of the city. Sparta was then before me, and its theatre, to which my good fortune conducted me

\* Translation of the famous Greek War Song, by Riga.—Lord Byron.

on my first arrival, gave me immediately the positions of all the quarters and edifices. I alighted, and ran all the way up the hill of the citadel.

"Just as I reached the top, the sun was rising behind the hills of Mene-laion. What a magnificent spectacle! but how melancholy! The solitary stream of the Eurotas running beneath the remains of the bridge Babyx; ruins on every side, and not a creature to be seen among them. I stood motionless, in a kind of stupor, at the contemplation of this scene. A mixture of admiration and grief checked the current of my thoughts, and fixed me to the spot: profound silence reigned around me. Determined, at least, to make echo speak in a spot where human voice is no longer heard, I shouted with all my might, 'Leonidas! Leonidas!' No ruin repeated this great name, and Sparta herself seemed to have forgotten her hero.

"The whole site of Lacedæmon is uncultivated: the sun parches it in silence, and is incessantly consuming the marble of the tombs. When I beheld this desert, not a plant adorned the ruins; not a bird, not an insect, not a creature enlivened them, save millions of lizards, which crawled without noise up and down the sides of the scorching walls. A dozen half-wild horses were feeding here and

there upon the withered grass; a shepherd was cultivating a few water-melons in a corner of the theatre; and at Magoula, which gives its dismal name to Lacedæmon, I observed a small grove of cypresses. But this Magoula, formerly a considerable Turkish village, has also perished in this scene of desolation: its buildings are overthrown, and the index of ruins is itself but a ruin."

Once again, classic reader, let us turn to the scene of our traveller's enthusiasm. We read of its glories in the pages of eloquent history and sublime song—a radius is shed around yon holy citadel—her brave sons stream forth like

Long trails of light—

all that is great and glorious is associated with this spot; yet our mind's eye sweeps rapidly over the events of its history, and Sparta dwindles to the forlorn Misitra—

Whilst in the progress of the long decay  
Thrones sink to dust, and nations pass away.

Yet such is the end of high renown on earth, and so fragile and fleeting are the scenes of their enactment. It has been said with painful truth,

Ubi seges, Troja fuit;

and with similar feelings must we view the present Misitra in connexion with the pride of ancient Sparta.

## THE GATHERER.

"Fruit of all kinds, in coat  
Rough or smooth rind, or bearded husk or shell,  
I gather."

### LOCAL ATTACHMENT.

LOCAL attachment seems to have an almost universal influence on human nature; for it may rationally be inferred that the exceptions which we observe are often rather apparent than real; or, if they do sometimes exist, they may be considered as deviations from a generally pervading principle, like some phenomena, which happen contrary to the established laws of nature. It will readily be granted that this feeling operates most pow-

erfully on delicate and susceptible minds; and has, accordingly, furnished a theme for poets, from Homer down to the present day, forming the subject of many a tender lay and melting effusion. In the *Iliad*, we admire the imagination, and are delighted with the descriptive powers of the poet; but the *Odyssey* reaches the heart, and, forgetting the poet, we think only of Ulysses and his home. Among the poets of our own times, this feeling has furnished the



basis of some tender strains, which, we may almost predict, will only die with the language in which they are written; for instance, Campbell, Rogers, Montgomery, and Erskine in his *Emigrant*. But among our modern poets, none seems to have felt the influence of this principle more powerfully, nor to have expressed it with greater sensibility, than Goldsmith. It forms the groundwork of his "*Deserted Village*," and is often powerfully expressed in his "*Traveller*:" and, although it has been found that there is often a great difference between an author's head and his heart, it would be a calumny on human nature not to believe, aye, and be convinced, that the author of the following lines felt what he wrote:—

In all my wanderings round this world of  
care;

In all my griefs, and God has given my share;  
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,  
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down:  
And, as a hare, when hounds and horns pursue,  
Pants to the place from whence at first she  
flew,

I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
Here to return, and die at home at last!

An apology might seem necessary for quoting lines so generally known, and, I hope, felt; but, as the eye can turn again and again to look on a fine painting, and the ear listen with delight to the repetition of an exquisite air, so it is presumed there are few readers who will be displeased with again perusing this recital of these feelings, with such genuine simple pathos; for all who possess, or lay a claim to sensibility, will own they speak to the heart.

Even our school copy of *Cæsar* or *Horace*, the wild heath where we rambled, the lake where we bathed or skated, all afford an undefinable pleasure in our after years; and the longer time that has intervened, perhaps that pleasure is relished the more keenly. Should the heath be turned into corn-fields, and the lake drained, our reason may be convinced that the general good is promoted, but still we deplore the altered features of the scene.

#### SICILIAN STATISTICS.

According to the last census, Sicily contains 1,780,000 inhabitants, of whom 300,000 are ecclesiastics, or persons living on ecclesiastical revenues. There are in the island 1117 convents, containing 30,000 monks and 30,000 nuns. The nobility of this small population consists of six dukes, 217 princes, 217 marquesses, 2000 barons, and the same number of an order called gentlemen. In Palermo, the population of which is only 150,000, there are 388 churches.

#### WEST'S INTRODUCTION TO GEORGE THIRD.

Dr. Drummond, the Archbishop of York, a dignified and liberal prelate, and an admirer of painting, invited West to his table, conversed with him on the influence of art, and on the honor which the patronage of genius reflected on the rich; and opening Tacitus, pointed out that fine passage where Agrippinus lands with the ashes of Germanicus. He caused his son to read it again and again, commented upon it with taste and feeling, and requested West to make him a painting of that subject. The artist went home; it was then late, but before closing his eyes he formed a sketch, and carried it early next morning to his patron, who, glad to see that his own notions were likely to be embodied in lasting colors, requested that the full size work might be proceeded with. Nor was this all,—that munificent prelate proposed to raise three thousand pounds by subscription, to enable West to relinquish likenesses and give his whole time and talents to historical painting. Fifteen hundred pounds were accordingly subscribed by himself and his friends; but the public refused to co-operate, and the scheme was abandoned.

The Archbishop regarded the failure of this plan as a stigma on the country; his self-love too was offended. He disregarded alike the coldness of the Duke of Portland and the evasions of Lord Rockingham, to whom he communicated his scheme—

sought and obtained an audience of his Majesty, then young and unacquainted with cares—informed him that a devout American and Quaker had painted, at his request, such a noble picture that he was desirous of securing his talents for the throne and the country. The King was much interested with the story, and said, "Let me see this young painter of yours with his Agrippina as soon as you please." The prelate retired to communicate his success to West.

Now all this happened to be overheard by one of those officious ladies who love to untie the knots of mysteries, and anticipate the natural disclosure of all secrets. Away flew her ladyship to the house of the artist—refused to disclose either her name or condition—acquainted him with the application of Drummond and the kindness of the King, and retired. She was not well away when a gentleman came from the palace to request West's attendance with his picture of Agrippina. "His Majesty," said the messenger, "is a young man of great simplicity and candor; sedate in his affections, scrupulous in forming private friendships, good from principle, and pure from a sense of the beauty of virtue." Forty years' intercourse, we might almost say friendship, confirmed to the painter the accuracy of these words.

The King received West with easy frankness, assisted him to place the Agrippina in a favorable light, removed the attendants, and brought in the Queen, to whom he presented our Quaker. He related to her Majesty the history of the picture, and bade her notice the simplicity of the design and the beauty of the coloring.—"There is another noble Roman subject," observed his Majesty, "the departure of Regulus from Rome. Would it not be a fine picture?" "It is a magnificent subject," said the painter. "Then," said the King, "you shall paint it for me." He turned with a smile to the Queen, and said, "The Archbishop made one of his sons read Tacitus to Mr. West;

but I will read Livy to him myself—that part where he describes the departure of Regulus." So saying, he read the passage very gracefully, and then repeated his command that the picture should be painted.

West's life was long and laborious, and his productions are very numerous. He painted and sketched in oil upwards of four hundred pictures, mostly of an historical and religious nature, and he left more than two hundred original drawings in his portfolio.

#### THE WHITE LILY.

Oh! those beautiful white lilies are out! How elegant is their form! How pure their whiteness! How delicate their texture! How majestic their height! This is the flower of Juno; and is, perhaps, the only one that could have saved that jealous goddess from grudging to Venus the possession

Of the rose, full-lipp'd and warm,  
Round about whose riper form  
Her slender virgin train are seen,  
In their close-fit caps of green.

Some other of the lilies show well, side by side, with this white one: that fine red lily, called *Jacobea* (*Amaryllis formosissima*), for instance. The lilies are a noble family, and splendid in their attire. We see them glowing in the most dazzling colors,—crimson, vermilion, and fire-color; some dropped with gold; all large, rich, and elegant; yet we doom the rest of these fine flowers to oblivion, in favor of the white lilies. Though no flowers boast of finer, and of a greater variety of colors, we persist in considering them as emblems of the very perfection of whiteness and purity. It is remarkable, that, with the exception of these bridal flowers, the lilies are particularly warm-colored: they affect no pale pinks, blues, or lemon-colors,—but, be it red, blue, or yellow, assume each hue in all its strength and power. The white lily has some color, just enough to make it appear the whiter: the six large golden anthers play in the centre like flame in a lamp of

alabaster. It has been observed of flowers, that many of the more fragrant are the least handsome ; as birds of the homeliest plumage are mostly gifted with the sweetest song : but the white lily has a perfume equal to its beauty.

#### VACCINATION.



The natural inequalities of our fruits must be corrected by art ; and to do this with effect, to imitate the qualities of the more perfect fruits of warm climates, constitutes the whole secret of domestic wine-making. Every economist, housekeeper, and servant,—every cookery book and receipt book, is full of processes for making a multiplicity of domestic wines. These never take into account that an unvarying process cannot be adapted to the ever-changing nature of our fruits, the qualities of which are different, according as the season has been wet or dry, cold or warm ; according as the soil was exhausted or well manured ; according as the trees were skillfully or ignorantly pruned, and several other circumstances not necessary here to enumerate. These popular processes, therefore, almost never succeed : hence our domestic wines have a bad character ; and hence the art of making them is but little cultivated. In almost no instance, so far as domestic economy is concerned, can the principles of chemistry be applied with better effect than to the preparation of our native wines. And, in a na-

tional point of view, it is to be lamented that no sufficient encouragement has been given to the art, either by the legislature, or by the various learned societies, which in other respects have so materially contributed to the progress of knowledge.

#### SIGNS OF THE SEASONS.

Our forefathers paid more attention to the periodical occurrences of Nature, as guides for direction in their domestic and rural occupations, than perhaps we of the present day are accustomed to do. They seem to have referred to the book of Nature more frequently and regularly than to the almanac. Whether it were that the one, being always open before them, was ready for reference, and not the other, certain it is that they attended to the *signs of the seasons*, and appear to have regarded certain natural occurrences as indicating and reminding them of the proper season for commencing a variety of affairs in common life. The time was, perhaps it is not yet gone by, when no good housewife would think of brewing when the beans were in blossom. The bursting of the alder buds, it was believed, announced the period at which eels begin to stir out of their winter quarters, and therefore marked the season for the miller or fisherman to put down his leaps, to catch them at the weirs and floodgates. The angler considered the season at which tench bite most freely to be indicated by the blooming of the wheat ; and when the mulberry tree came into leaf, the most cautious gardener judged that he might safely commit his tender exotics to the open air, without apprehension of injury from frosts or cold. Then there was a variety of old sayings or proverbs in vogue, of a corresponding character, such as,

"When the sloe tree is white as a sheet,  
Sow your barley, whether it be dry or wet."

"When elder is white, brew and bake a peck,  
When elder is black, brew and bake a sack."

"You must look for grass on the top of the oak tree," &c.

People talked of "the cuckoo hav-

ing "picked up the dirt," alluding to the clean state of the country at the time of the arrival of the cuckoo ; and of "blackthorn winds," meaning the bleak north-east winds, so commonly prevalent in the spring, about the time of the blowing of the blackthorn. Virgil, in the recipe he gives in the fourth Georgic for the production of a stock of bees, states that the process is commenced (translated)

"Before the meadows blush with recent flowers,  
And prattling swallows hang their nests on high ;"

and Shakspeare, in his *Winter's Tale*, speaks of

"Daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty."

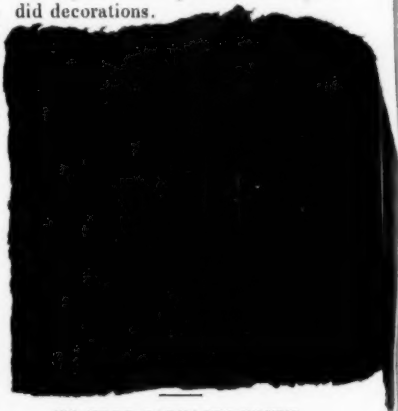
#### TO PRESERVE CHERRIES.

The best way to preserve cherries is to procure some of the common cherries very ripe, and add to them two pounds of sugar, four pints of brandy, four ounces of clove pinks, and a few Morel cherries ; bruise some of them with the hand, and boil them over a slow fire, until they have the consistency of syrup. They are then to be strained, and the juice is to be poured into the mixture as before ordered, which is to be left in infusion, and exposed to the sun for a fortnight or a month. By this process the cherries will have a very fine flavor. A few cloves may be used as a substitute for the clove pinks.

#### FASHION.

It would be a laudable ambition in a young female to curb those excesses of "each revolving mode," with which she is in some measure obliged to comply ; to aim at grace and delicacy rather than richness of dress ; to sacrifice exuberance of ornament (which is never becoming to the young) wherever it is possible, to an admirable neatness, equally distant from the prim and the negligent ; to learn the valuable art of imparting a charm to the most simple article of dress, by its proper adjustment to the person, and by its harmonious blending, or agreea-

bly contrasting, with the other portions of the attire. It is a truth which should ever be borne in mind, that a higher order of taste is often displayed, and a better effect produced, by a paucity or total absence of ornament, than by the most profuse and splendid decorations.



#### TO KEEP CABBAGES FRESH.

When the cabbages are cut, leave about two or three inches of the stalk, the pith of which is to be hollowed out, taking care not to cut or bruise the rind ; tie the cabbages up by their stalks, and then fill the hollow with water. By repeating this daily, they may be kept for several months.

#### PAPER FOR PRESERVING ARTICLES OF TIN AND STEEL FROM RUST.

Dry some pumice-stone in red-hot charcoal, and then reduce it to powder, which is to be ground up with varnish and linseed-oil. It is then to be further liquified with the same varnish until it is in a fit state to be laid on paper with a brush. A coat of this composition is to be spread on good stout paper, and when that is dry a second. The paper being thoroughly dry, the article to be preserved is tied up in it.

#### THE JESUITS.

There are at the College of Jesuits, at Fribourg, 193 students, of whom 152 are French. There are 130 out-door students.